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UNTIL THE END.

BY GENITA.

And so the end of all drawe near—
  The end of night, the end of day—
And in the twilight of the year,
  When summer shadows turn to gray,
When two shall part, as others part
  Who met as none before have met,
Who love as none e'er loved before—
  Part—for our summer sun has set.

Sadly the wind sighs far above—
  I clasp my arms, and rest my head
Upon his breast—I hear it moan,
  And we are silent as the dead.
I watch the moonlight on his face,
  And ecstasies so brief and bright
Come to my soul and hold it—still—
  The end of day, the end of night!

We whisper that an end will come,
  And rise to bid farewell again,
And linger where the moonlight rests,
  And linger still, and part again.
But love, that made our hearts so true,
  Made them quite brave to trust and wait;
And so he went upon his way;
  And thus we parted, and I wait.

Oh, must one wait for evermore?
  And will my hair be turned to gray,
And shall I see his eyes grown dim,
  When we shall meet some other day?
Nay, let us meet not as we part,
  Thus, in the twilight of a fear,
But in the summer of our lives,
  And in the summer of the year!

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.—(CONTINUED)

"YES," she replied; "but the traditional stepmother generally interferes in the love affairs of the household. However, I feel quite sure Lady Estelle will never interfere with mine."

"The Duke of Downsbury goes to Paris this week," continued the earl, "with the duchess and Lady Estelle. I thought of following them."

"That will be very nice of you, papa," she said.

"It is really some comfort to have a daughter whom one can consult about such matters. I want to marry as soon as I can; but marrying a duke's daughter in England is a tremendous undertaking, Doris.

"The amount of ceremony and form to be gone through with is something dreadful. I should not mind about that; but, you see, the great embarrassment is this—the duke is very particular, and he would naturally think it too soon after the late earl's death for me to make any great public sensation—that is the difficulty."

"Yes, that is a difficulty," said Doris.

"All that would be obviated entirely if I went to Paris, and could obtain their consent to a quiet ceremony at the Embassy, or something of that kind."

"It would be a very wise course, papa."

"So I think, my dear, and I shall start for Paris next week. I may be a month absent. Now comes the great difficulty of all, Doris—what is to be done with you?"

"I can remain here," she said.

"Not alone, my dear, not alone—it would not do. I thought if I were to ask that nice daughter of Mark Brace's she would stay with you, then I should feel quite at my ease."

"I should be much pleased," said Doris. It would indeed be a triumph to show Mattie, upon whom she had always looked down, the difference that really existed between them.

"Then all our difficulties are silenced," said the earl. "I have often heard people say how difficult their daughters are to manage; but if they are like you, Doris, there can not be such great difficulty."

She laughed, wondering to herself if he would say the same in a year's time.

"You understand, Doris, that it will not do for you to go into society at all just yet. You must neither receive or pay visits! No young lady does anything of that kind until she has been presented at court."

"When does my presentation take place, papa?"

"If all goes well, I think next May. Lady Estelle or the duchess will present you; then you may consider yourself fairly afloat—until then, solitude.

"You can spend the intermediate time in the acquisition of all kinds of little accomplishments; not that you are deficient, for you are a perfect wonder to me.

"The next thing to be done, Doris, is that you must choose a suite of rooms for yourself. I give you permission to choose which you will; and when we go to London, you shall go to Mantall & Briard's, the famous decorators and house furnishers, and choose anything you like. It will amuse you during my absence to superintend the fitting up of your rooms—it will give me a fair idea of your taste."

They went together through Linleigh Court. Until then Doris had no just idea of the immense extent of the place—she was amazed at it.

And the rooms were all so light, so sunny, so bright, she was quite at a loss which to choose.

One suite delighted her very much—four large, lofty rooms, with ceilings superbly painted, looking south, so that the warmth and brightness of the sun was always on them.

The windows were built after the French fashion—long, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and opening on to balconies filled with flowers.

The great charm to Doris of these rooms was, that the boudoir opened on to a balcony, and a small flight of steps led from the balcony to the ground, so that she could go from her own rooms to the gardens without passing through the house.

"That is very nice," said the earl, "for young ladies who love the early dew and flowers. Do you think it safe, Doris? Suppose you forgot to fasten the door leading on to the balcony!"

It was an evil fate that led Lady Doris to choose that suite of rooms.

CHAPTER LII.

A FEW days afterward the Earl of Linleigh, with his daughter, went to London. He had decided not to go to his own house, which was one of the most beautiful mansions in Hyde Park—Hyde House.

They were going simply on business, and would spend the greater part of their time driving from one store to another. The first visit, of course, was to Mme. Francoise, to whom the earl explained that his daughter required, in one word, everything needful for a young lady of rank and position.

"It will take many hours, Doris," said the earl; "such things can not be hurried. I can leave you here while I drive on to my lawyer's, to transact some business with him. Remember, my darling, you have carte blanche—every whim to be gratified."

Then he drove away, leaving her with Mme. Francoise. How forcibly it recalled to her the time when Lord Vivianne had done the self-same thing.

"Truly," she laughed to herself. "His tory repeats itself. How little then did I foresee this."

So little that if even in a dream she could have been warned of it, she would never have spoken to Lord Vivianne.

"Never mind," she said to herself, with the light-hearted insouciance of her race. "Never mind, no one knows—nothing will come of it; but it would certainly be a relief to me to hear that Lord Charles Vivianne was dead."

The pity of it was that Lord Charles could not hear the remark; it would have given him a lesson that he would not have forgotten.

Madame wondered what had brought so grave an air of preoccupation over the beautiful young face. Surely, if any human being was to be envied, it was the young girl who had carte blanche in her elegant establishment.

"She must know what she is about, though," thought madame. "Dreaming is useless here."

She little knew Lady Doris. Going up to her with a book of patterns in her hand, she was almost startled by the clear, keen gaze that met her own—by the perfect judgment and cool, clear, calm sense of the earl's daughter.

"There will be some few things, madame," said the clear, haughty voice, "that you will understand far better than I do, others in which I shall prefer to please myself."

And madame found that Lady Studleigh had a taste and artistic sense of what is beautiful far superior to her own.

The next few hours were delightful to Doris. The rarest and most costly laces, the most beautiful embroidery, the finest silk, the richest velvet—there never were such purchases made.

She did not limit herself either as to quality or quantity, and nothing was forgotten—tiny slippers fit for Cinderella, dancing shoes, fans, gloves.

She might have been a practiced old dowager, selecting a trousseau for her youngest daughter. The sum-total was something enormous. Even madame, accustomed as she was to large accounts, looked slightly frightened.

"My Lord Linleigh placed no limit," she said to Doris.

"No, I must have all I require; I shall not return to town until the season begins," was the perfectly self-possessed reply.

Then Lord Linleigh returned, and madame watched his face intently as that wonderful account was placed before him.

"It takes four figures," he said, with a smile; "that is quite right, my darling. I hope you have everything you want. To-morrow we will pay a visit to Storr & Mortimer's, the jewelers. These packages, madame, are all to be sent to Linleigh Court."

Doris was in the highest spirits. She said to herself—and it was probably true—that no girl in England, not even a royal princess, had such a trousseau; but she had too much good taste to show any undue elation over it. When they had dined, she said to her father:

"Papa, you will not care to spend the evening here; it will be dull for you, and I can not go out. Should you not like to go to your club?"

"Yes; but what of you, my dear?"

"I am tired, and I shall be glad to take a book and go to my own room with it."

"My dear Doris," said the earl, who had slightly dreaded the long, lonely evening, "you are a most sensible girl. If you treat Earle as you treat me, he ought to be the happiest husband in the world."

"I hope he will be, papa," was the quiet reply. And she wondered what her father, the Earl of Linleigh, would say is he knew from whom she had taken her early lessons in the art of managing men.

"If you want a man to be really fond of you, Doris," he used to say, "to feel at home with you, and never to be bored in your society, let him have his own way—offer him his liberty, even when he does not seem inclined to take it; suggest to him a game at billiards, a few hours at his club—you have no idea how he will appreciate you for it."

She had found the charm work perfectly in the case of Lord Charles, and now her father, too, seemed to admire the plan. What would he say if he knew who had instructed her?

She went to her room. Lady Doris never traveled without a pleasant little selection of light French literature—"it prevented her from forgetting the language," she said.

The earl, inwardly hoping his wife would be as sensible as his daughter, went off to spend a quiet evening at his club.

The following day was one of genuine delight to Lady Doris. The first visit the earl paid was to the establishment of Messrs. Storr & Mortimer; there she was to select for herself what jewels she would. She glanced once wistfully at the earl.

"Jewels are not like dress, papa. It is a dangerous thing to leave me unlimited powers here."

"Lady Doris Studleigh must have jewels fitting her position," he said. "Dress wears out, but jewels last forever."

So Lady Doris stood in that most tempting place, almost bewildered, while sets of pearls, of diamonds, of rare emeralds, of pale pink coral, then case after case of superb rings, were placed before her.

The thought of those so securely packed in her box, and wondered what would be thought if their history could be known.

She chose some magnificent pearls; there were none fairer, even in that place where the finest stones abound.

Then she chose a set of emerald, golden-green in their beautiful light; a set of pearls and rubies mixed; rings until she had more than enough to cover the fingers of both hands; golden chains of rare workmanship and beauty; watches of great value; and when she could think of nothing else she could desire, she looked up in the earl's face with a smile.

"That is not bad, my dear, for a beginning," he said, laughingly—"not bad at all."

"You do not think I have purchased too much, papa?"

"No, my dear, you have not enough yet. I merely said it was very well for a beginning."

What the amount of the bill was, or how many figures it took, she never knew. The earl had said good-naturedly to himself that it did not matter—he had many thousands to spare.

"There is yet another place," he said; "we must go to Parkins & Gotto's. You require many things from there. You must have a dressing case, a lady's writing table, and all kinds of knick-knacks for your rooms.

The day following was spent at Mantall & Briard's, where Lady Doris gave such orders for the fitting up of her four rooms as made even those gentlemen open their eyes in undisguised wonder. Nothing was spared—no luxury, no comfort; and that evening, when they sat together, Lady Doris said to her father:

"I wonder if, in all the wide world, there is another girl in my position?"

"What position?" he asked.

"Why, it is a positive fact that I have not one single wish left ungratified. If a fairy were to come and ask me to try and

find one out, I could not—I have not one."

He stooped down to kiss the beautiful face.

"I am glad to hear it," he replied. "I certainly do not think any one else could say quite as much. I could not."

It was not of herself alone that Doris had thought that day. She had been with the earl to give orders respecting the steam-plow; she had chosen such a dress, such a shawl and cap for Mrs. Brace, that she knew would bring tears of delight into that lady's eyes; she had chosen a box full of millinery, with pretty ornaments, for Mattie; she had chosen for Earle a box full of books such as she had often heard him long for.

And Lord Linleigh, while he admired her goodness of heart, her affectionate memory, never for one moment thought that her quick study of him had led her to do these different things. She longed for the hour in which she should return to Linleigh; she wanted to see all the magnificent purchases she had made placed at her own disposal. The Parisian waiting-maid was found, and one bright, clear, frosty morning they returned to the court.

"It looks like home," said Lady Doris. Her heart warmed to it, and beat faster with a thrill of pride. It was her own home, from which nothing could dislodge her!

She had had one fright in London; and though her nerves were strong, her courage high, it had been a fright.

She was driving with the earl through New Bond Street, when on the pavement she saw Gregory Leslie. There was no avoiding him—their eyes met. His were filled with recognition and surprise—hers rested on him with calm nonchalance, although her heart beat high. Then he smiled, bowed, and half stood still; but the calm expression of her face never wavered.

"Is it some one who knows you?" asked the earl.

"It is some one who has made a great mistake," she replied.

And then they passed out of sight—not however, before Gregory Leslie had seen the coronet on the panel.

"What a mistake I have made," he said to himself. "I certainly thought that this was my beautiful 'Innocence.' How like her! It cannot be such an uncommon type of face, after all, when there are three now that different people have seen—all so much alike. What would my 'Innocence' do in an earl's carriage?—that is, if all be well with her; and Earle said all was well."

She would not recognise him, for the simple reason that she feared to do so. He was a man of the world, always in London, familiar with all the little rumors at the clubs, and she dreaded what he might say afterward.

If by chance she should meet him when she was with the earl and countess, she would recognise him, but not just then.

"It was an unfortunate thing for me," she said to herself, "having that picture painted. If I had known then what I know now, it never would have happened. Mark Brace and his wife were foolish to allow it."

But she had forgotten the whole matter when they reached Linleigh Court. All the packages were there, and she was as happy as a queen superintending the arrangements, the unpacking, the stowing away in beautiful old wardrobes made of cedar.

Even the Parisian waiting-maid, who rejoiced in the name of Eugenie, owned to herself that not one of the great ladies with whom she had lived had a wardrobe like Lady Doris Studleigh's!

Then came the day of the earl's departure—he would not go until Mattie had arrived.

"You can not be left alone, my dear," he said, so decided, that Doris had not dared to urge the matter.

Mattie came and was delighted. She cried a little at first, for, despite all her faults, she had most dearly loved the young girl she believed to be her sister.

The story of Doris had been a great trouble to her, and she had felt it bitterly; but after a time she forgot her grief in the wonder excited by the magnificence of Linleigh Court. Lady Doris was very kind to her; nothing of patronage or triumph was to be detected in her manner.

The first time they were left alone together in what was to Mattie the bewildering glories of the drawing-room, the brown eyes were raised timidly to the fair face.

"Doris," said Mattie, "who could have believed that you were such a great lady, after all?"

"I had faith in myself, my dear," was the superb reply, "and that was a great thing!"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE great world did own itself to be surprised—not angry, nor shocked, nor even vexed or offended, but surprised. It had not taken newspaper rumors for gospel truth.

It had prided itself on superior knowledge, and had seen nothing of the kind; but this fine spring morning it was taken by surprise.

The fashionable morning papers all told the same startling story—the Earl of Linleigh was married, and married to Lady Estelle Hereford, the Duke of Downsbury's only daughter.

They had defrauded the fashionable world of a grand spectacle. The marriage of a duke's daughter with an earl would naturally have been a grand sight—such a grand duke, too, as his Grace of Downsbury.

The private rumor came to the rescue, and told how it would have been impossible for the marriage to have been celebrated with any degree of ceremony in England, owing to the fact that the late earl had not so very long been dead.

Rumor added also, how, long years ago, when he was a penniless captain, Lord Linleigh had been hopelessly attached to the duke's fair, proud daughter, and now, on his accession to the estates, he had instantly renewed his suit; how he had followed them to Paris, would take no nay, and had married Lady Estelle in spite of all obstacles. There was one singular omission, though it was not of the least consequence—none of the papers said where the marriage had been performed, or by whom. Those who noticed the omission thought it would be supplied next day, then forgot all about it.

The earl had been absent six weeks, and Lady Doris had spent them very comfortably, with the help of Mattie. There was nothing in Mattie to be ashamed of. True, she was only a farmer's daughter; but for all that she was a well-bred girl. Her politeness and natural grace of manner came from that best and sweetest of all sources, a good heart. She might be deficient in some little matters of etiquette, but, she was always true, sincere, kind, and good.

Not even in outward appearance could the fastidious Lady Doris find the least fault with her foster-sister, while her thoughtful consideration made her liked and esteemed by every one in the house. Indeed, there were some who compared the two unfavorably, and wished that the haughty Lady Doris had some of her foster-sister's gentleness.

The suite of rooms were finished, and Doris had taken possession of them before the earl returned.

The fair spring was coming; already the cuckoo had been heard in the woods; the first sweet odors of spring seemed to fill the air; the green buds were on the hedges—such a fair sweet, odorous spring. It seemed to have touched the heart of Earle, the poet, and have turned his poetry into words of fire.

He wrote such letters to Lady Doris that, if it had been in the power of words to have touched her heart, his would have done so; but it was not; and one morning, when the sun was shining more brightly than usual, when the first faint song of the birds was heard, Lady Doris received a letter to say that day the earl and countess would be at home.

The earl gave many directions how his beautiful and stately wife was to be received; how the Anderley church bells were to ring, the servants to be ready; how a grand dinner was to be prepared an hour later than usual, so as to make allowance for any little delay in traveling.

"I trust everything to you, Doris," said the earl, "and I know that I may safely do so; you will keep your promise."

He trusted well. Her energy and quickness were not to be surpassed. Every arrangement was made, every trifling detail attended to, and the astonished servants, looking at each other in wonder, owned that their young lady was a "regular locomotive" when she liked. Great fires were burning in the dressing rooms, the bedrooms—every place where she thought a fire would be pleasant.

"The countess of Linleigh shall have the three things that I like best to welcome her home," she said, laughingly.

"What are those?" asked Mattie.

"Warmth, light, and flowers. Those are three grand luxuries, Mattie, and if people either appreciated them better, or cared more about them, the world would be a much more comfortable dwelling-place than it is now."

Lady Doris took especial pains over her own toilet that evening. The Countess of Linleigh was a duke's daughter, and her good opinion was worth having. She wished to impress her favorably, and she knew that she must choose the happy medium. She must not be too plain—that would seem like rusticity; nor too magnificent—that would be ostentation.

"I wish now," she said to herself, that I had never gone near Downsbury Castle; it was one of the most unfortunate things I ever did in my life. I wonder what she thought of me that day?"

She did look exceedingly beautiful when she was dressed. She had chosen a costume of pale lilac silk, with golden ornaments. The silk was shaded by fine white lace—nothing could have suited her better. The ripples of golden hair were drawn loosely together, and fastened with a diamond arrow; the lovely face, with its dainty flush and bright, deep eyes; the lovely mouth, so like the soft petals of a rose; the white, graceful neck, the polished, pearly shoulders, the rounded arms—all made up a picture not often seen. Mattie looked at her in honest amaze.

"You are very beautiful; you dazzle my eyes, dear," she said. "What shall you do with your beauty, Doris?"

"Enjoy it," was the laughing reply.

But Mattie looked grave.

"It seems to me," she said, "that beauty such as yours is full of peril."

"I do not see it," was the laughing answer. "Now, Mattie, it is time we went to the drawing-room; in one half hour from this my lord and my lady will be at home."

* * * * * *

Faster and faster they seemed to drive; and with every minute that brought them nearer, Lady Linleigh grew paler.

"It is an ordeal, Ulric," she said, in her clear, sweet voice; "it seems to me that all I have gone through is as nothing compared to this. It was very hard of papa—very hard."

"He meant it for the best, Estelle, and we must bear it, love; it might have been much worse."

"Yes; but to hear her speak, to be with her every moment of the day, yet never once to call her child, or hear her say mother—it will be very hard, Ulric, you do not know how hard."

"I can guess, my dear; but why dwell on this, the darkest side? Think of the happiness in store! Your father and mother both friends with us, having quite forgiven us, and, I venture to think, growing quite fond of me; they will come to see us, and we shall visit them, and you will always have Doris with you. Think of all those things?"

"Do you think I shall betray myself, Ulric?" she asked, simply.

"No, my wife, I do not. You kept your secret when you saw her at Downsbury Castle, and you will keep it now. As for loving her, indulging her, saying all kind and gentle words to her, that will be quite natural in your position. Try to be happy, my darling wife; there are happy days in store for us."

"I will try," she said.

At that moment they heard the chiming bells of Anderly church, filling the air with rich, jubilant music.

"Listen, Estelle," said Lord Linleigh; "that is our welcome home."

Listening to the joyous bells, watching the last golden gleam die out in the western sky, no dream of tragedy to come disturbed them.

"Home at last," said the earl, as the carriage stopped. "I really think, Estelle, I am the happiest man in the world."

He looked wistfully at his wife's face—it was white as death.

"My darling," he whispered, as he led her into the house, "for my sake, try to cheer up. Do not sadden the happiest hour of my life."

She made a violent effort to arouse herself. She returned with her usual high and gentle courtesy the greetings of the domestics, and walked with graceful steps to the library; then she hardly knew what took place.

She saw a face and a figure before her, lovelier than the loveliest dream of an artist. She saw two white arms around her husband's neck, while a voice that made her heart thrill said:

"Welcome home, dear papa—welcome home!"

"I must bear it," she thought, "for his sake."

Then the beautiful face was looking in her own.

Oh, Heaven! that she should bear such pain, such joy, yet live!

A soft voice said:

"Welcome home, dear Lady Linleigh. I hope you will let me love you very much."

She felt as though she held her heart in her own hands when she kissed the white brow, saying:

"I am sure to love you very much."

The earl, who was watching her closely, saw that she had just as much as she could bear—it was time to interfere; so he took Mattie by the hand and led her to the countess. He introduced her in a few kindly words, and then Lady Linleigh replied:

"I remember you, my dear, though you have probably forgotten me. I saw you when you were quite a little child."

"I do remember you," said Mattie, gratefully.

Then Lord Linleigh interefered again.

"Estelle," he said, "we are just ten minutes behind our time. You would like to change your traveling dress."

She looked at him like one roused from a dream, hardly seeming at first to understand him; then she walked slowly from the room. Lord Linleigh followed her, leaving the two girls alone.

"I think she will like me," said Lady Doris, "and it will be really a boon to have such a graceful, high-bred lady in the house. I shall study her, imitate her. Now, Mattie, does she not, as I said before, seem to move to the hidden rhythm of some sweet music?"

"Yes, she gives me exactly that impression. But how pale she is, Doris, and her hands trembled. She looked as though she was going to faint."

"She is not strong—papa told me so—and traveling has perhaps tired her. Do you think she will like me, Mattie?"

The tone of voice was very anxious. Mattie looked up quickly.

"You will say I am full of foolish fancies, Doris, but do you know I could not help thinking that she loved you; she looked as though she did. Her eyes had quite a strange light in them as they rested on your face, and the expression on hers was wonderful."

"That is certainly all fancy," replied Doris. "I have only seen her twice in my life; it is not possible she can love me. Perhaps she thought I was not so bad-looking—she admires beauty in everything, I know; she told me so herself. She married papa, I suppose, for his handsome face."

"Hush!" cried Mattie, "you must not say such things—it is wrong."

She could say no more; the earl and countess returned, and the dinner bell rang. During dinner it seemed to Mattie that, so far from being mistaken, she was quite right—the countess certainly loved Doris; her voice took quite another tone when she addressed her. She fancied the earl noticed it too, and was much pleased.

When Mattie was near, and Lady Linleigh was arranging some presents she had brought home for the girls, he remarked.

"The countess will be quite happy now; she is so fond of young girls, and she has two to spoil."

"I don't think I shall spoil either of them," said his wife, with a happy light in her eyes; "they are both too good to be spoiled."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE Countess of Linleigh sat anxiously watching the fair face of Lady Doris. All was going on well at Linleigh. The gentle, stately countess was already half worshiped there. The earl considered himself the happiest of men. One conversation had both pleased and touched Lady Linleigh.

When she had been at home some days she fancied Mattie looked grave and almost sad. She had been thinking seriously about the girl—whether it was advisable to ask her to remain with Lady Doris as friend and companion, or whether it would be better to permit her to return to Brackenside.

The earl had spoken of their going to London in May; if they did so, could Mattie go with them? Would it not be rather cruel than kind to give her notions, to accustom her to a life which it would be impossible for her to lead?

The countess saw Mattie walking one morning in the early spring alone, with a most thoughtful look on her face, and she went to her.

"I have been looking for early violets," said Mattie, glancing with a smile at Lady Linleigh, "in that pretty little dell—Thorny Dell, Doris calls it; the air is filled with their fragrance, yet I cannot see

them. At Brackenside, at this time, the woods are full of them."

The countess laughed.

"There is no place like Brackenside, is there Mattie?"

"No," replied the girl, earnestly, "none; at least it seems so to me, because I love my home so very dearly."

Then Lady Linleigh placed her hand caressingly on the child's shoulder.

"Mattie," she said gently, "you are looking very sad and thoughtful. What are you thinking about?"

"Home—and Earle," was the frank response.

Lady Linleigh was half startled.

"What about Earle?" she asked.

The brown eyes were raised wistfully to hers.

"Earle will be so unhappy, Lady Linleigh, without Doris. No one knows—no one can imagine how he loves her. I can not think what his life is without her."

"But he will not be without her long," said the countess. "Did you not know that he was coming here in February?"

She saw a rose-colored flush underneath the brown skin; she saw a sudden warm light in the brown eye; and without a word, almost by instinct, the Countess of Linleigh guessed the girl's secret, and how dearly she loved Earle.

"Coming here!" repeated Mattie. "I am so glad!"

"So am I," added Lady Linleigh. "I have the highest opinion of your friend Earle."

She did not know how grateful those words were to the girl, who never heard Earle spoken of save as Doris' own peculiar property. "Her friend!" she could have blessed Lady Linleigh for it. The words seemed to have made that sweet spring sunshine brighter in some strange, vague way—the odor of the hidden violets and the sound of Earle's voice seemed to harmonize.

"And you yourself, Mattie," said the countess, more touched than she cared to own by that unconscious revelation—"would you be happier to remain here, or to go home? You shall decide for yourself, and do which you will."

"My place is home," was the simple reply. "I have seen my dear Doris happy. I shall always be able to picture to myself what her manner of life is like. I shall know that Earle is content, being with her; so that it seems to me now my place and my duty alike are at home."

"I think you are right, dear child," said the countess.

She had read the girl's secret rightly, and knew that, from henceforward, for Mattie Brace, there would be but one consolation, and that she would find in doing her duty.

"You would like, perhaps," she added, "to wait and welcome Earle?"

But Mattie remembered how many things he would require, what preparations would be necessary for a visit to Linleigh Court; and she divined, with the rapidity of thought natural to her, that she must go home and help Earle. Lady Linleigh was infinitely touched by the young girl's simplicity, her loving heart, her complete sacrifice. Even the earl wondered how it was that his wife showed such sincere affection for Mattie.

Mattie went away, and on this morning, some few days after her departure, Lady Linleigh sat anxiously watching the face of the beautiful Doris. Had she any heart, or was she a true Studleigh?

The countess had been thinking of her all the morning, for at breakfast-time the earl, with a smile of happiness, had given her a letter, saying:

"This is from Earle; how he loves Doris. He is coming to-day."

Lady Linleigh's thoughts had flown back to the time when she sat with Doris in the conservatory at the castle, and had argued so strongly with her on the point of love.

She was disappointed, for the beautiful face did not brighten, no warmth came into the lovely eyes, when she heard the announcement of her lover's coming.

"Coming to-day, is he papa?"

And Lady Linleigh, quick to judge, felt a sure conviction that the tie which bound Lady Doris to Earle Moray, gentleman and poet, was burdensome to her.

"Perhaps she is ambitious," thought the countess; "it may be that with her wealth and title she thinks a marriage with Earle beneath her." Again she felt somewhat reassured when she saw that Lady Doris took some pains to please her lover. He was to reach Linleigh in the evening.

When the dressing-bell rang, Lady Estelle hastened her toilet, in order that she might do what she was very fond of doing—spend a short time in Lady Doris' dressing-room.

She loved to see the shining ripples of golden hair loose and unbound, she liked to watch the glorious face, and to see the graceful figure arrayed in dress of fitting splendor.

There were times when Lady Doris herself wondered at the great tenderness of the duke's daughter.

"As fate ordained me a step-mother," she would say to herself with a smile, "I can not be sufficiently thankful that she likes me so well."

On this evening Lady Linleigh started with surprise. Accustomed as she was to the girl's beauty, it had never seemed to her so striking or so graceful. Lady Doris had indeed arrayed herself so as to charm the eyes of her lover.

A little cry of admiration came from Lady Estelle; it escaped her without her knowledge.

Lady Doris looked round with a blush and a smile, and nodded her graceful head.

"I am being poetical, Lady Linleigh," she said, laughingly. "Earle is a poet, and I am dressing in character, as a poet's bride, you see."

There was the least possible suspicion of mockery in her words and laughter, but looking at her, the countess could find no fault. The tall graceful figure seemed to rise from clouds of rich white lace; the white, rounded arms were bare to the shoulder; the graceful neck was clasped by neither diamond nor pearl; on the white breast a diamond glittered like flame; the golden hair, with its shining waves, was beautifully arranged; the little ears were like pink sea shells; a few green leaves were carelessly entwined in the golden hair—she looked like the very spirit of love, beauty and song.

"Then you do care to please Earle?" said Lady Linleigh, as she kissed the fair face.

"Certainly," was the coquettish reply. "I have no thought of failing, either."

Even the earl stood and gazed for a few moments in mute admiration of his daughter's loveliness; then he shook his head, and said, gravely:

"There is no need for it, Doris—no need."

It was characteristic of this father and daughter that they understood each other perfectly, they were so much alike that the medium of words was not always required; they seemed to read each other's thoughts by instinct.

While Lady Linleigh stood by, quite ignorant of her husband's meaning, Lady Doris understood it perfectly. It meant that Earle loved her already so dearly, there was no need for her to try to win more love from him.

The earl did not profess to be a man of sentiment. As a rule, he considered love a kind of weakness to which one was especially liable in youth, but this wondrous love of Earle Moray's impressed him greatly.

He had decided to drive himself to the station to meet his young guest, to whom he desired to show all honor; then Lady Linleigh had said it would be less embarrassing for them to meet alone.

"What a fund of sentiment you have, Estelle," laughed the earl. "By all means arrange a tete a tete for them. My honest belief is that women never tire of love stories."

He did not know how such speeches as these jarred upon the tender, sensitive heart of his wife. But Lady Linleigh was considerate.

"Doris," she said to the proud young beauty, "it is some time since you have seen Earle, and he will perhaps feel some restraint in my presence, and not talk to you as freely as he would in my absence; I will leave you to receive him."

And Doris laughed with some of the earl's half-contempt for sentiment.

Yet she owned to herself that she was really glad there was no one to see poor Earle's extravagant delight and wild worship of her.

In the burning intensity of his desire to see her all other things were entirely lost. It never occurred to him that the Earl of Linleigh had purposely put himself to inconvenience to meet him at the railway station; he never gave even a passing thought to the grand carriage, the liveried servants, the magnificent mansion; he thought only of Doris—the birds sung of her, the wind whispered her name. Lord Linleigh smiled more than once as his remarks were unheard, his questions unanswered.

After all, there was something very beautiful, half divine in such love. He envied the young poet who felt it, and the girl who was its object. He understood that all the glories of Linleigh were for the present quite lost on Earle.

When they reached the court the earl looked at the poet with a smile.

"If you were an ordinary visitor," he said, "I should suggest the dining-room and instant refreshment, but knowing you to be far away from all such earthly matters, I merely mention them. My daughter, the Lady Doris, is in the drawing room there—will you join her?"

Earle had longed with the intensity of longing to see her again. His life had been one long fever, one fire of desire; one constant thought of her; yet, when he stood once more in her beautiful presence, he was mute, dumb. She smiled at him, and held out her white, jeweled hands to him.

"Earle," she said, and at the sound of her voice his whole soul seemed to wake up. "Earle," she repeated, and the next moment he held those white hands in his, he drew her to him, he kissed her face, her brow. It was pitiful to see a strong man's soul so bound down with a mighty love.

"Earle," she repeated a third time, "it is certainly an excellent thing that I do not wear chignons. How do young ladies manage, I wonder, with chignons and such a rapturous lover as you? Look at my flowers and dress, it is not really etiquette to kiss a young lady en grande toilette."

He only laughed at the mocking words. What cared he, when his arm was round her, and he looked into her face again?

"My darling," he said, "my queen rose of the rosebuds."

She laid her hand on his lips.

"That is Tennyson's poetry," she said, "not your own. Are you so very pleased to see me, Earle?"

"So pleased that I cannot find words—so pleased that the wonder to me is that I can bear so much happiness."

"If you think you are too happy, Earle, I can soon alter that state of things," she said, laughingly.

"You cannot alter yourself," he replied. "While you are what you are, and as you are, I must be the happiest of men—I can not help it. Mattie told me that I should find you changed. Why, my darling, you are beautiful, graceful, noble as a queen. In all the wide world I am quite sure there is no one like you—none."

Dinner was over, and Earle had recovered some little sense and reason. He had hardly looked at Lady Estelle. They had met as perfect strangers, and the earl introduced them.

It struck the earl that his wife looked pale and strange; but whenever there was anything about Lady Linleigh that he did not understand, he always attributed it to sentiment.

Then in her calm, high-bred fashion she bade Earle welcome to Linleigh. She spoke to him several times during dinner.

That dinner seemed to Earle more like a dream than a reality. Whenever he looked at her he thought of Quainton woods and the strange story she had told him there, the truth of which seemed only known to herself and him.

He wondered if she would speak to him about it—if she would allude to it in any way. He had never seen her since, although he had so well carried out her commands. After dinner all wonder on that point was at an end.

"Doris," said the countess, "sing some of your pretty French chansons for us. Mr. Moray, will you look over these sketches by Dore?"

While Doris' rich voice filled the room, and Earle sat with the sketches in his hand, she, feigning to be interested in them, said:

"I have never had a chance to thank you, but I thank you now, with all my heart, with gratitude that words can not express. Can you understand how grateful I am to you, Earle Moray?"

There was a pretty, musical lingering on his name which charmed him. He looked into the proud, fair face, and said, simply:

"A man might be proud to give his life for you, Lady Linleigh. I am happy to think that it was in my power to be of service to you."

"You will keep my secret always, Earle?"

"Always, Lady Linleigh, as I would guard my life or my honor."

"Even after you are married, when it will be most difficult to keep a secret from Doris, you will keep this—you will never let her know that I am her mother?"

"No, you may trust me until death," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

CHICAGO.—At the Post Office, in sorting over the letters from various parts of the world, one hundred and ninety-seven different ways of spelling "Chicago" have been found; among them were "Jagjago," "Hipsho," "Jajigo," "Schecchscho," "Hisago," "Chachicbo," and a scholarly resident of Finland indulges in "Zizaso."

THE CROOK.—In some parts of Scotland it was customary to carry a newly-born child three times round the iron "crook" which hangs in the middle of an old-fashioned chimney, and serves to support cooking-pots, the ceremony being supposed to ensure the infant's future prosperity. To double up the chain of the "crook" at night prevents witches coming down the chimney.

COVERED DISHES.—Dishes were not covered at first for the purpose of keeping the food warm. They were covered from fear—the fear of poison. In mediæval days, and down to the time of Louis XIV., people were afraid that poison might be introduced into food between the kitchen and the table. Hence the cook was ordered to cover the dishes, and the covers were not removed until the master of the house sat down to eat.

A MINCE PIE.—The mince pie of to-day is round. Four centuries ago to eat a round mince pie would be to stigmatize yourself as a Jew or heretic. The orthodox shape is a long oval. It was doubtless meant to represent the cradle in Bethlehem, and tradition further asserts that the strange mixture which makes the mince represents the fruits and spice with which the three kings in the legend filled the cradle.

BRIDE AND GROOM.—Our word "bride" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb "bredan," to cherish; whilst "groom," or "grom," is an old Dutch word, which simply means a young man, and is quite different from the term applied to our equine domestics, which either comes from the Persian "garma" (a keeper of horses), or else from the Anglo Saxon word "guma" (a caretaker or servant), and this word "groom" should really be spelt without the letter "r," for written "gome," it was, as expressive of a manservant, in use in England even as late as the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

GOOD FOR THE GROUND.—Not long ago, writes a correspondent of a contemporary, I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away!" I answered, astonished. "Ah, well—this is what I do with it!" said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking-stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleuch taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground."

THE VANILLA BEAN.—The so called vanilla bean is not a bean at all, but the fruit of a climbing orchid, the capsule or pod of which is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and from six to ten inches long, and has a certain resemblance to the so called catalpa bean. The plant in its native home, in Mexico and tropical America, climbs over trees and shrubs by means of slender rootlets sent out from the joints of the stem. In its wild state it climbs to a height of twenty feet; but in cultivation it is kept within bounds, so that the unripe pods are not injured when the others are gathered. In Mexico the plant is propagated by cuttings and then trained over some rough bark trellis-work in partial shade.

TABLE CUSTOMS.—A lady who dines with the family of a German professor found the table customs very odd. As soon as those at the table were helped they at once cut up all that was on their plates, and then putting their knives down, leaned on the table with their left hands, and with their forks disposed of the food with celerity and without interruption. At supper the hostess ground and cooked the coffee at the table, and the butter was taken with individual knives out of an earthen pot that was used in common. Cheese was served and secured in a similar manner, and was smeared over thick slices of buttered bread. When the eating was finished, everybody still sat and watched the hostess wash the dishes, which she did at table, using the snowiest of napkins, without wetting her fingers, while the master puffed a cigar.

HOPE.

BY I. F. D.

Ah, Hope, thou physician that healeth the heart
With visions of future rich blessing,
Come dwell with me now, and teach me thine art
For without thee life's scarce worth possessing!

We have found thee, and love thee, and never again
May we know joy in living without thee;
Define thee we cannot—nor tongue, nor the pen
Can picture the charm that's about thee.

Thine is the wonderful skill that may bind.
The spirit all wounded and bleeding;
And thine is the power to rescue the mind
From Despair's most cruel misleading.

With the light of thy countenance banish the night
That perchance may enshadow existence;
God sent thee in mercy to lead us aright
Through the power of thy loving insistence.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED)

THE day afterwards Gerald was walking into Thraxton to see the inspector of police there, for he had at last decided to place Lucy's case in the hands of a good detective; for he himself had failed to find the slightest clue, although he had made inquiries in every direction, and had devoted all his time and energy to the search.

As he strode along, in deep thought, he saw a fly approaching, and glanced at it absently; then he started and stopped dead short, for the occupant was no other than Mr. Harling.

Gerald shouted and stopped the carriage, and Mr. Harling and he stared at each other in mutual astonishment.

"Why, lad!" said Mr. Harling, with a certain warmth of affection in his tone more marked even than of old. "You here!"

"Yes," said Gerald. "Haven't you had my letter? I wrote to Lartree."

"I've not been back there," said Mr. Harling. "I've been traveling about—on business. You here, of all places in the world!" he added, in a lower tone.

"How strange that you should come to this place!" said Gerald, on his side.

"Oh, I told you I was a kind of Wandering Jew," said Mr. Harling, in rather a confused manner. "And this is one of your show places, isn't it?"

Gerald nodded. "How is Miss Grace?" he asked. "You haven't brought her with you; I hope she is not unwell?" There was a friendly anxiety in his tone, but nothing warmer.

"Grace is all right," said Mr. Harling. "I left her in London."

"And so you've come to see Court Regna?" said Gerald.

Mr. Harling started and looked at him curiously.

"That's the great show place," explained Gerald.

"Oh, ah—yes, I've come to see Court Regna," said Mr. Harling. "Jump in, my boy."

Gerald hesitated a moment, then, reflecting that he could go back to Thraxton with the fly, got in.

"It's very extraordinary, you're being here," said Mr. Harling.

"Well, it isn't really," said Gerald. "I was employed some months ago to renew a wing at the Court."

Mr. Harling stared at him.

"I'm afraid you will think I've been very close and secretive, Mr. Harling," said Gerald, his tanned face flushing. "But I had reasons for not mentioning the matter. It is a sore subject with me." Mr. Harling watched him closely.

"The work was suddenly discontinued, and I left the place under a cloud—yes, under a cloud in many senses of the word, for I was suspected of having enticed one of the village girls to accompany me. I hope I need not say that I am quite innocent of the villainy?"

"No, my boy," said Mr. Harling.

"Thank you," said Gerald, glancing away. "But things looked very black against me, and still look. I only heard of the poor girl's disappearance when I returned here the other day, and I have decided to remain here until I have found her and proved my innocence."

"Good, very good!" said Mr. Harling. "That's just what I should expect you to do, my lad."

"I came back by the merest chance," said Gerald, "to see Miss Sartoris"—his tone softened at the name—"to give her some papers belonging to her, that I had by accident."

"Miss Sartoris, the owner of the Court?" said Mr. Harling.

Gerald nodded.

Mr. Harling was silent for a moment or two, and then he said, "Lord Wharton left it to her, didn't he?"

"He did," said Gerald.

"Rather strange that!" remarked Mr. Harling.

"No," said Gerald, up in arms for Claire at once. "He adopted her when she was a little girl; he had no near relatives; it was only right that he should make her his heiress."

Mr. Harling looked at him fixedly. "No near relatives?" he said.

"No," said Gerald.

"Has Miss Sartoris a sister?" asked Mr. Harling after a pause.

Gerald replied in the negative. "Why do you ask?"

Mr. Harling mumbled something in response and turned to look at the view. They were nearing the Court by this time, and the exquisite beauty of its surroundings seemed to impress the old gentleman very much. Presently a portion of the great house came in sight.

"It is a magnificent place, magnificent!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Surely it must be one of the finest places in England?"

"It is," assented Gerald.

"And it all belongs to this Miss Sartoris?"

"Everything," said Gerald. "The house, all the land as far as you can see, and farther, the village down there in the hollow—isn't it quaint? Even the fishing smacks in the bay, there."

"She must be a kind of queen!" remarked Mr. Harling.

"She is," said Gerald, with a deeper note in his voice.

They went past the Lodge gates and down towards the village. At the head of the steep street they got out, and Gerald conducted Mr. Harling down the steps. He looked about him with the deepest interest.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

Gerald pointed to the cottage. Mr. Harling looked at him with the same curiously intent gaze.

"That is where the poor girl and her father lived," said Gerald.

"I shall stay at the inn for a night or two," said Mr. Harling.

Gerald promptly went in and ordered a meal and a comfortable room. They returned to the fly to drive round the celebrated avenue which wound in serpentine fashion round the Court grounds, Mr. Harling exclaiming at the beauty of the scene at every point. As they came up to one of the lodges, he said, "Could I see the Court?"

"Oh, yes," said Gerald. "Miss Sartoris is always very glad for visitors to go round the place. In a sense, it almost belongs to the public."

"Oh, does it?" said Mr. Harling quaintly, and he muttered to himself as they came suddenly upon the front of the house, stretching in a long line against the sky.

They drove up to the door, and Mr. Harling got out. The hall porter came to meet them.

"Is Miss Sartoris within?" asked Mr. Harling. He turned to Gerald quickly. "I should like to thank the young lady for permitting me to see this beautiful place."

"Miss Sartoris is not at home, sir," said the hall porter.

"Miss Sartoris is away," said Gerald at the same moment. "I would have told you that, if I had known——"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Harling. "I saw that the house looked occupied——"

"Mr. Sapley is living here," explained Gerald quickly. The hall-porter stood looking from one to the other.

"Would the gentleman like to come in, sir?" he suggested.

Mr. Harling said he should like to very much, and they entered the hall. The old gentleman looked round him with a sort of admiring awe.

He had often read of such a place, but had never seen one; the magnificent hall suffused with the winter light filtered through the richly stained windows impressed him to a remarkable extent.

The butler came forward and bowing to Gerald, threw open the drawingroom door and invited them to enter. In a similar way Mr. Harling was shown all the principal rooms—"state" rooms, as the servants were fond of calling them; and he gazed about him in silent admiration. The butler was gratified by the effect produced.

"Perhaps the gentleman would like to see the pictures, sir," he said. And he led them up the broad stairs to the corridor and, with a gracious dignity, pointed out the more famous of the masterpieces.

"Family portraits, sir," he said, and he rolled off some of the historic names. Mr. Harling walked along in the usual fashion, nodding now and again, and evidently greatly interested.

As they came to the last Lord Wharton's portrait he stopped, and looked at it with an intense and indescribable expression on his weather-beaten face.

"The Right Honorable Algernon Edward Vincent Gerald Wharton, Earl of Wharton;" reeled off the butler, with solemn pride.

Mr. Harling seemed scarcely able to withdraw his eyes from the picture. At last he said in a constrained voice, "is that the last of the portraits?"

"It is, sir," said the butler. "Lord Wharton was the last Earl. He was never married, and the title is now extinct."

"In—deed!" said Mr. Harling. He looked round him as if searching for something, and the butler politely paused on the way down.

"Is there a portrait of Miss Sartoris here?" asked Mr. Harling.

"I regret to say that there is not, sir," said the butler. "Miss Sartoris is a very beautiful young lady, if I may make so bold to say so—as Mr. Wayre knows—and her portrait would be a great ornament amongst the others."

Gerald colored and averted his face, and said nothing. As they descended the stairs, old Sapley came out of the library and shuffled across the hall. He glanced up at them, then disappeared by the outer door at the back of the hall.

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Harling, in an undertone.

"Mr. Sapley, the agent," replied Gerald in as low a voice.

Mr. Harling rubbed his chin and said nothing. They reached the door and he turned to thank the butler, when Mordaunt Sapley came up the steps.

His head was bent, and he did not see them for a moment, and he looked up with a start; and Gerald almost started also, for the man's face—seen for the instant without its mask—was white and haggard, as if he had just heard bad news. It was the day after Jenks' visit.

"My friend—Mr. Harling—has been looking at the rooms and the pictures," explained Gerald. "This is Mr. Mordaunt Sapley," he added to Mr. Harling.

Mordaunt had slipped the mask on by that time, and he smiled amiably. "My father will be very pleased," he said. "Pray take your friend over the grounds or wherever you like to go."

"Thanks!" said Gerald. Mordaunt Sapley bowed and passed into the hall.

"Very polite gentleman," said Mr. Harling, when he and Gerald had got out of hearing. "He and his father—I suppose the old man we saw in the hall was his father?—seem to be very much at home. He spoke as if the place belonged to them."

"Yes," said Gerald with a frown, "I don't understand—" He didn't finish the sentence.

Mr. Harling dismissed the fly—Gerald deciding to walk into Thraxton, and they went towards the west wing.

"That's the wing I was at work on," said Gerald rather grimly. "Let us come away, if you've seen enough of it. I have some unpleasant associations connected with it."

"Let us go back to the inn," said Mr. Harling. He was singularly silent on their way and seemed extremely thoughtful. When they sat down to the meal which had been prepared for them, he said, suddenly—

"When is Miss Sartoris coming back?"

"I don't know," said Gerald. "No one seems to know. I was going to say that there was a kind of mystery about her absence, but the expression would be scarcely justified, excepting by the fact that no one knows her address, not even the Sapleys."

Mr. Harling poured himself out a glass of ale. "It's rather singular," he said. "By the way, isn't it rather odd too, that there's no portrait of her up at the Court? I'm rather disappointed; it's only natural that one should want to see what the mistress of such a grand place is like."

"Are you so very curious?" said Gerald, rather hesitatingly, and putting his hand into his breast pocket.

"Yes, I am," responded Mr. Harling, decisively.

"There you are, then!" said Gerald, and he pushed the pencil sketch of Claire across the table.

"It's a sketch I took of her, without her knowing it, some months ago. It's an awful libel of her, Heaven know, and yet it's like her; like her enough to give you an idea— Good Lord, look out!" he broke off, snatching up the sketch. For Mr. Harling had, with unusual awkwardness, let his glass of ale slip out of his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Tut, tut, how clumsy of me! I hope it hasn't gone on the picture;" he added, as he mopped up the spilled beer. "Let me look at it again, will you?"

"There you are," said Gerald. "It's all right, I set a value on it far beyond the worth of the miserable sketch. Well, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Harling, aided by his knowledge of the circumstance, had recognised the school-mistress of Streatham. He was lost in amazement and bewilderment and, absently exclaimed, "It's the image of her!"

"What?" said Gerald. "You've never seen her!"

Mr. Harling colored and got up to ring for more ale. "I mean, that I daresay it's the image of her, only you're too modest to say so, my boy," he said, laughing curiously.

CHAPTER XXXVII

GERALD took back the sketch and gazed at it, with a lover's look in his eyes, for a moment or two in silence; then he said, as if he had suddenly made up his mind—

"Look here, sir, I feel as if I'd got to tell you—you have been so kind to me, and I feel, somehow, as if you were the best friend I have in the world—and, indeed, I've no one else to tell, and the thing is like a burden to me. This lady, Miss Sartoris, the mistress of Court Regna—well, I've been mad enough to fall in love with her."

Mr. Harling had half-suspected this, but he sighed, for he thought of Grace and her hopeless love, and, father like, suffered a pang on her account; but he was a generous hearted man, and he liked Gerald, indeed, had grown very fond of him for more reasons than the all-sufficient one that he had saved Grace's life.

"Go on, my boy," he said, encouragingly.

"I'm half-ashamed to," said Gerald, "for it must sound so preposterous to you. You have seen Court Regna; you know how rich she is; how lofty the position she occupies there; and you know what I am!"

"Yes; I know what you are," said Mr. Harling, quietly. Gerald lit his pipe.

"A penniless adventurer," he went on, "a mere nobody; it was madness, of course, but I can no more help it than I can help breathing. You have no idea what she is like!"

"Haven't I? No; I suppose not!"

"This ridiculous sketch doesn't give the least idea of her; she is one of the loveliest of God's creatures, and as good as she is beautiful. I met her by chance, and was thrown into daily communication with her while I was renewing that west wing; why, no man could help loving her if he had seen her as often as I did. There is a nameless charm about her which only those could understand who came under its spell. She is very proud, but not in a vulgar way, she is humble enough in some things, and, like yourself and Miss Grace, thinks very little of wealth; and, I suppose, because of that, and—and because she was gracious enough to be friendly and kind to me, I 'up and told her of my love,' as the song says!"

"And what did she say?" asked Mr. Harling, deeply interested.

"She said, 'No!'" said Gerald, stifling a sigh, and smoking hard. "The night before I had ventured to call her by her name, and I had gone away from her hoping—— Ah, well! the next morning, all my hopes were slain. She said 'No!' and I left her."

"She didn't care for you?" said Mr. Harling.

"I suppose not," assented Gerald, with a grim smile.

"You don't speak with certainty."

Gerald colored.

"Don't think me a coxcomb," he said. "Frankly, I have always had a vague kind of hope that she—she didn't dislike me!"

"Then, why——?" asked Mr. Harling.

Gerald shook his head.

"I can't tell you. I thought for a moment

or two, the other day, that it was because of this scandal about this poor girl, Lucy Hawker! But I remembered that Miss Sartoris could have heard nothing of that when she refused me."

"Why didn't you ask her again, lad," said Mr. Harling.

"I've not seen her," said Gerald. "I left the place at once." He told the story of the broken leg. "When I came back she was gone, as you know; and if I asked her again, I feel that she would have given me the same answer. I know there's no hope for me; she's the only woman I shall ever love; there's not a day that I don't think of her; in fact, I carry her about with me in my heart just as I carry her sketch in my pocket."

Mr. Harling seemed about to speak, and then checked himself, and after a pause said—

"Nobody knows where she is?"

Gerald shook his head.

"As you say, that seems to me rather extraordinary. And it's very extraordinary that the Sapleys should be living in that big house of hers.

"My boy, I don't like the looks of those two men; I'm not given to fancies, but I've taken a red-hot dislike to both of 'em. The old man, with that hawk like face of his, looks capable of anything; and the son, though he's not a bad-looking chap, had a hang dog countenance when we first saw him to-day. You—you don't suspect any foul play, Gerald?"

Gerald frowned, and smoked furiously.

"What foul play could there be?" he said. "You don't suppose they've put Miss Sartoris out of the way?" And he laughed at the grotesqueness of the idea.

"No, I don't," replied Mr. Harling, "though, upon my soul, both father and son look capable of it."

Gerald laughed again.

"Scarcely that!" he said. "But I wish I knew where she is."

Mr. Harling again seemed about to blurt out something, and again checked himself.

"She may come back soon," said Gerald.

"I may be here—for I shall not go away, excepting for a day or two, for the purpose of my search—until this mystery of Lucy's disappearance is solved. I shall see her once more, and give her some papers I have of hers, and then—then, I shall go back to Lartree, and finish Miss Grace's portrait, and set off on the tramp again."

Mr. Harling looked at him curiously.

"You will make your fortune yet, my boy," he said. "Your sort always does in the end; keep up your heart!" He leaned across the table, and patted Gerald on the shoulder. "Things may all come straight after all; who knows!"

Gerald shook his head.

"A fortune wouldn't be much use to me without her!" he said. The talk had upset him, and he paced up and down the room restlessly.

"I have to go into Thraxton about this business of Lucy Hawker's. You won't mind me leaving you? You'll find plenty to interest and amuse you if you stroll about this place."

"Off with you, lad!" said Mr. Harling. "I shall find plenty to amuse me!"

After Gerald had gone, the old man sat staring at the fire and rubbing his chin; then, with an air of resolution, he suddenly jumped up, put on his hat and coat, and walked out towards the Court.

He stopped now and again on his way, and looked hard at the ground, as if he were thinking deeply, and was not quite clear as to his course of action. When he reached the Court, he asked for Mr. Sapley, "The old gentleman, please."

A footman took him into the library. Old Sapley was sitting at the table, with his head sunk between his shoulders, very like a hawk, indeed. Mordaunt's "illness," and his extraordinary behavior on the preceding night, had affected the old man very much indeed, and he was still brooding over it when his visitor was announced. He gazed up at Mr. Harling morosely, and repeated the name several times, as if trying to remember it, then he shook his head.

"I don't know you!" he said. "It's my son, Mordaunt, you want to see, I expect?"

"No; it's you, Mr. Sapley," said Mr. Harling, taking the chair which old Sapley motioned him to. "I am a stranger to you, and I will state my business at once. I am a friend of Miss Sartoris'."

Old Sapley started slightly, and a sharp look came into his cunning eyes.

"I'm glad to see any friend of Miss Sartoris'," he said; "though I never heard your name. Harling, Harling?" he repeated; "but my memory's been bad lately. What can I do for you?"

"As a friend of Miss Sartoris'," began Mr. Harling.

Old Sapley, watching him intently, broke in, his eyes growing shifty, as he rubbed his hands one over the other—

"If you've come here on her behalf, Mr.—Mr. Harling, I'm afraid you've come too late!"

"Too late!" echoed Mr. Harling.

"Yes," said old Sapley, showing his fangs in a senile grin of triumph. "When we offered Miss Sartoris terms, she would have been wise to have taken them; circumstances have altered since then.

"I don't say that my son, Mordy—I mean Mr. Mordaunt Sapley,"—he corrected himself pompously—"wouldn't marry her even now; but there's no need for it. You may have heard of my son, Mr. Harling? He's one of the principal men in the place; he's standing for the County; you may have read his address. My son is a clever man; he's going to be a great one. He could do better than marry Claire Sartoris!"

To say that Mr. Harling was filled with surprise would be but to inadequately describe his amazement. Mr. Sapley saw it, but, ascribing it to a different cause, chuckled with malicious enjoyment.

"She should have taken him when she could have got him!" he said. "I made her the offer myself, though I was dead against it. But Mordy had a fancy for the girl, and I didn't want to balk him—I've never refused him anything; I've been a good father!" he maundered off, almost childishly.

Mr. Harling sat speechless, and Mr. Sapley pulled himself together again, and went on.

"So, as I say, it's too late. My son can look higher. I shouldn't be surprised if he married a title. There's a good many daughters of poor peers about; lots of 'em would jump at my son with his money and his position!"

Mr. Harling wiped his forehead. Was the old man mad? "I don't understand, Mr. Sapley!" he said.

"Oh, I see!" said old Sapley. "You've come about the money—the allowance he offered her?"

"You offered Miss Sartoris money?" said Mr. Harling. Yes, certainly, the old man must be mad!

Mr. Sapley nodded, then looked up sideways with a grin.

"She's come down a peg or two, has she?" he said. "I thought she would. Nothing like poverty for bringing down high stomachs; we've humbled her pride, have we? Lord knows we suffered enough from it, Mordy and I! Well, you've come on a poor errand, Mr. Harling! The offer was made without prejudice, as we lawyers say, and it's withdrawn.

"She treated it with scorn, and she's humbled herself too late. You tell her, from me, that she won't get any allowance out of us; she'll have to work for her living, as many a better woman has done."

He chuckled, and looked at Mr. Harling cunningly. "Perhaps she thinks there'll be something left after the mortgage and the bonds are satisfied? If so, tell her not to count on that, for there won't be a penny left when our claims are satisfied!"

"Your claims?" began Mr. Harling, but old Sapley interrupted him—

"She has told you all about it, I suppose. You're a lawyer, eh?"

Mr. Harling did not contradict him. Indeed, old Sapley, in his triumph, did not wait.

"Well, I'm not afraid. Everything's straightforward. You won't find a flaw, a screw loose. We've given her formal notice of foreclosure, and shall sell off when the notice terminates." He laughed, and rubbed his hands. "Of course, we shall take over the place ourselves."

"I see!" said Mr. Harling, and, indeed, he did see the whole cunningly-planned business. "I will tell Miss Sartoris what you say."

"Ah, do!" said old Sapley, insolently.

Mr. Harling rose. "Will you tell me the total of Miss Sartoris' indebtedness to you, Mr. Sapley?"

Old Sapley took out a pocket-book and consulted it, and gave the amount. "Pretty large, eh?" he said, with a grin.

"It is, it is very large!" assented Mr. Harling. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Sapley, for the—information you have given me."

"You're welcome!" said Mr. Sapley.

"And I will only trouble you further to give me the date of the foreclosure."

Old Sapley gave it to him. "Very close, ain't it?" he said.

"Very!" assented Mr. Harling. "I will wish you good-day now, Mr. Sapley."

Old Sapley nodded curtly. "Good-day. I'm afraid you haven't done much good, eh?" And he leered up at him. "I should recommend you to throw up the case; you'll make nothing out of it. I give you that advice as a brother professional. Needy clients bring no wool, eh? Throw it up!"

"Thank you for your advice, Mr. Sapley!" said Mr. Harling. "I will consider it. Good day."

He was still struggling with his amazement when he got outside, and though he stood and looked at the house, it is scarcely too much to say that he did not see it.

"The old scoundrel!" he murmured to himself, as he walked along. "The in—fer—nal scoundrel! That poor girl! To think that she's teaching school while that old carrion crow is perching in that pretty nest of hers. It's desecration, that's what it is! And he'd got it all so cut and dried, and be—aut—fully arranged! Why, it's like a romance! Yes, you must come over to the old country if you want romance. The bald-headed old vulture!"

But presently his anger and indignation gave place to anticipatory satisfaction, and he smiled to himself as he trotted along the road towards the inn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GERALD came back from Thraxton late in the evening. He looked somewhat disappointed and discouraged.

"Well, lad," said Mr. Harling. "Come and sit down and have a glass of toddy. What news?"

Gerald drew his chair up to the fire, and pushed the hair from his forehead.

"Oh, not satisfactory!" he said. "The inspector can't help me. He says it's not a matter for the police at all. No offence against the law has been committed, and, therefore, the police cannot take the affair up.

"He pointed out that if they were to undertake to find every girl who ran off with her lover, they would have their hands pretty full. If she'd taken any of her father's goods they would have been justified in trying to find her. Or if there was any reason to suspect foul play, it would, of course, be their business to follow the matter up."

"And you don't suspect foul play?" said Mr. Harling.

"Oh, no," said Gerald. "Why should I? The inspector suggested that I should employ a private detective, and get a good man down from London."

"Well, why not?" said Mr. Harling.

Gerald colored, and looked hard at the fire. "Well, for one thing," he said, "I haven't the means; and for another, I have a repugnance to bringing a strange detective into Regna, and making the poor girl's story public."

"As regards the money," said Mr. Harling, "I should take it as a favor, if you'll let me find that. When I say a favor, I mean it; I'm very much interested in anything that concerns you, my boy, and this concerns you very deeply. Besides, I like to do a little good with my money, if I can; it's a luxury. You run up to London, and see a first-rate detective. You needn't bring him down; but just lay the case before him; he may be able to give you a hint."

"Very well, I will, sir," said Gerald. "And thank you! And while I'm in London, I should like to go and see Miss Grace, if you'll give me her address."

Mr. Harling hadn't thought of this, and he rubbed his chin and looked rather confused; but there was no help for it.

"She'll be very glad to see you, my lad," he said. "Arundel House, Streatham; just outside London."

They sat and talked until a late hour—but Mr. Harling said nothing of his second visit to the Court—and then Gerald went off to the cottage. He saw Jenks just outside.

"I'm going up to London to-morrow, Jenks," he said. He was just about to add, "to see a detective," but pulled himself up in time.

"Are you indeed, sir?" said Jenks. "Ain't heard o' nothing fresh, sir, I suppose?"

Gerald shook his head, and Jenks, with a "good-night" sauntered on.

Mr. Harling went to see Gerald off by the train the next morning, and at the last moment put a letter into Gerald's hand.

"I wish you'd run into my bankers—London and Westminster—with that, Gerald," he said. "You'll get there before they close."

Gerald promised. Mr. Harling wrung his hand affectionately, and the train started. Gerald took a cab straight to the bank, and handed in the note. It was received with the respect which is generally accorded to communications from a millionaire, and the manager came out to say—

"Certainly, certainly! We will do what Mr. Harling asks, to any amount; I will write him to that effect."

As Streatham was so near London, Gerald thought that he would go down there after he had seen the detective, and put up at an hotel in the place, so that he might call upon Miss Grace the next morning.

He went down to the office of a well-known detective, and had an interview with the famous man, who listened to him without interrupting, and remarked, quietly, at the finish of Gerald's statement—

"I'm afraid there has been foul play, Mr. Wayre."

Gerald was startled. "Good Heavens! why?" he said.

"I will tell you," said the detective. "When a girl runs away, she invariably communicates with her people; sooner or later, she writes a few lines, or else she comes back to them. If the man marries her she goes back as proud as Punch; if he deserts her, she writes, as I say. Now, this girl was not one of the hard and vicious sort?"

"No! no!" said Gerald.

"Just so; and she wouldn't leave her father without a word. I speak from experience; I've had hundreds of similar cases through my hands, and I've always found that they've worked out as I say."

"But—but," said Gerald. "What is it you suspect?"

"That the girl has been made away with," said the detective, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Gerald went pale. "I can scarcely imagine that," he said. "What am I to do? Where am I to look?"

"Well, of course, I should say 'send me down there,'" replied the detective, with a smile. "But I can easily understand your reluctance to do so. If you want a hint, I say—look for your man at Court Regna!"

Gerald shook his head.

"I have looked for him there; I know every man in the place; there is no man there capable of such a deed."

The detective smiled and glanced at his watch.

"All the same, I think you'll find I'm right, Mr. Wayre," he said. "You go back there and keep your eyes open. If you want me, send me a wire, and I'll come down by the next train and find a clue."

"There doesn't seem to be any clue," said Gerald, despairingly.

"I beg your pardon, there is always a clue," said the detective, cheerfully, "and it's just in spotting them that we detectives have the pull over you amateurs. Good-afternoon. And thank you."

Gerald took the train for Streatham. He would see Miss Grace and go back to Regna at once; the least he could do would be to follow the detective's advice.

As he was inquiring his way to the hotel, outside the station he saw a small crowd collected at the corner of the street.

He had to pass it on his way to the hotel, and he stopped to see what was the matter. In the centre of the crowd a small boy was lying in the road; a Sister of Mercy was kneeling beside him, quite regardless of the mud, with his head upon her arm; and a brewer's dray standing beside the pavement, its driver staring helplessly and despondently at the boy made the accident plain to Gerald.

He pushed his way through the gaping crowd, and addressed the Sister of Mercy. "Is he very much hurt?" he asked. "Can I help you?"

She raised her head and looked at him, and Gerald was struck by the sweetness of the pale, deeply-lined face, so greatly impressed that, for a second, he forgot the object of his inquiries.

The Sister, too seemed startled, either by his sudden presence, or the question, and her sad, placid eyes rested on his face with a half-frightened, half-inquiring gaze; but she recovered herself in an instant or two, and said in a low voice.

"He has been run over, and has fainted; I am waiting until he has sufficiently recovered to remove him. There is a Village Hospital in the next street, and I will have him taken there."

Gerald bent down on the other side of the boy, and gently moved his arms and legs.

"I don't think there are any bones broken," he said.

"I think we might move him now," said the Sister, after a little time. "If you will get a cab——"

Gerald picked the boy up in his arms very tenderly and carefully.

"I think he'll travel better this way," he said. "I shan't jolt him so much."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG AGO.

BY M. B.

Greener were the hills and less,
Bluer far the skies above,
Leafier the shady trees
In the woodland and the grove;
Never in the latter days
Sang the brook so soft and low,
Brighter was the gorse's blaze
Long ago, long ago!

Never since has throstle sung
Half so gladly, merrily,
As the thrush whose clear notes rang
By the moss grown trysting-tree;
Never maid had eyes so sweet,
Never maid had voice so low
As the maid I used to meet
Long ago, long ago!

Love was kind and life was fair,
Hope her silv'ry pinions spread;
Life holds now but pain and care,
Love was false and Hope lies dead;
All the world a desert seems,
Each new day is filled with woe,
Since no more we dream the dreams
That we dreamt long, long ago!

Little Rose.

BY G. B.

"WOBBER'S wax-works! Unparalleled exhibition of the finest wax figures the world has ever seen! Perfect portraits of celebrities in all ages! Astounding automatic movements! Magnificent costumes! For a limited time only. Admission 30 kreutzers. Military and children half-price."

This notice, in large parti-colored letters over the door of a rough barn-like building, challenged the attention of passers-by in Doradorf, a town not far from Vienna.

Herr Wobber had spared no trouble or expense to make his exhibition all that it professed to be; and he was reaping a rich harvest after his strenuous labors.

"Strict honesty invariably pays in the end," he was frequently heard to aver, rubbing his podgy hands complacently. "I make no false representations to the public; the consequence is—it loves me."

From the window of an old lodging house opposite a pretty pink-cheeked English girl watched with much interest the crowd passing within Herr Wobber's portal.

In general Rose Carbery had very little to interest her; she was an orphan, with a very slender patrimony. With a view to enabling her to add to her income in the future, she had been sent abroad to learn music and languages, an aunt in England undertaking to find her a situation as governess when she should have finished her education.

That was five years ago; and Rose, now past twenty, was in a fair way to forget her native tongue, so well had she learned the language of the country in which she had sojourned; and she was for her age an excellent musician.

Still no summons came for her to return to England; her aunt had many daughters to provide for, and the good situations that she heard of were somehow better suited to Rose's cousins than to Rose herself.

Her modest inheritance was sufficient for her needs in Frau Binder's cheap boarding house; and nobody made any effort to recall her from the Austrian town to which she had drifted.

"They have forgotten all about me at home," she would say, with tears in her sweet violet eyes; "or, if they do ever give me a thought, it is to be thankful I'm not there to make one more in a large family of girls."

Frau Binder was kind to her, and indulgent in a careless way, but had little time to look after the English Fraulein or any one else.

Had Rose been of a venturesome spirit, she might have enjoyed many a wild escapade; but she was in the main a timid little creature, more troubled than pleased with the notice her lovely face attracted when she walked abroad.

The Christmas holidays were drawing near, and, as it was the season for rejoicing and diversions of every kind, Rose permitted herself one Saturday afternoon the indulgence of a ticket for the wax works.

In wonder and delight she studied one after another the various figures, which jerked and twisted and winked in a manner that was to her inexpressibly fascinating. Some were so life-like that she felt shy about looking too closely at them.

As Rose made a long pause before the figure of Philippine Welser, the beautiful Tiroless girl whom the royal Ferdinand of Austria made his wife, she became aware that Herr Wobber, the proprietor of all this magnificence, was watching her very narrowly.

Another man with whom Herr Wobber was engaged in conversation was also giving her many a furtive glance; and the two were evidently talking about her, although in tones too low for her to hear what was said.

A vivid blush mounted to Rose's cheeks, at sight of which Herr Wobber, bowing profoundly, said:

"Mein Fraulein, I beg you will excuse my friend and me! We were not merely staring with idle impertinence at a lovely face; we are both amazed at your resemblance in face and form to my figure of the celebrated beauty Philippine Welser. When I saw you in the doorway of the estimable Frau Binder opposite, I noticed this likeness; but now, as you stand beside my favorite statue, I am dumb!"

Herr Wobber's concluding words were not strictly true, as surprise had made him more voluble than usual.

Other people drew near and began to comment on the wonderful likeness between the foreign Fraulein and the fair Philippine; and Rose, feeling uncomfortably conspicuous, at the first opportunity beat a retreat.

She ran up to her bare little room on the fourth floor, and looked long and intently at herself in the cracked cloudy mirror.

"Little good it does me to look like Philippine Welser!" she said ruefully. "If I could only be like her in other ways, or like anybody else who had some brightness or change in her life, and who wasn't poor and kept and kept forever in the Pension Binder!"

A few days later misfortune laid a heavy hand upon Herr Wobber. Early one morning while old Nanni was down on her knees scrubbing the vestibule of the wax-work exhibition, a big dog in full chase after the butcher's cat drove his enemy through the open door, under the green-baize curtains, and into the midst of the distinguished waxen company.

The cat then escaped through an open window, but, alas, not before sad havoc had been wrought. Several figures were overturned and lay on the floor pathetically going through their jerky gestures, their machinery having been set in motion by the fall.

Their rich drapery was torn; their wigs were all awry, and a fierce-looking Zulu was found to have plunged his spear straight through Madame Recamier's large poke-bonnet; Nanni's bucket of soap-suds had been overturned to the grave detriment of Hiawatha's moccasins; but all this damage was a trifle compared with the chief mischief wrought by the cat and dog.

Philippine Welser, the gem of the collection, lay on her face! When lifted to her feet, her nose was found to be flattened, and the ominous rattling of her mechanism denoted grave internal disorder. Many days must elapse before her beauty could be restored.

"Donnerwetter! What a calamity! And to-night the Tirolese hunters arrive at the 'White Bear' round the corner!" cried Herr Wobber distractedly.

"I've been at the expense of having special programmes printed and left at the 'Bear,' calling attention to my collection of Austrian celebrities, especially the pride of every loyal Tiroler's heart, the beautiful Philippine! And now look at her, with nose jammed half-way down her throat! It is enough to make angels weep!" And Herr Wobber mopped his agitated face with a large red-and-yellow handkerchief.

After giving everybody a furious scolding, the proprietor of the wax-works withdrew, to seek solace and guidance in his present trial in a tankard of beer.

After a while, he rose refreshed and with the light of a cheering inspiration shining in his eyes.

Half an hour later, Rose Carbery happened to pass by the back entrance to the exhibition. Herr Wobber waylaid her, and courteously begged her to step inside for a moment.

He thereupon made this astonishing proposition—if she would consent to pose as Philippine Welser, dressed in her magnificent costume, for three evenings from eight to ten, he would pay her two florins a night.

Six florins! This seemed a princely sum to simple little Rosie, for with it she could buy a pretty Christmas present for Lisa, her one intimate friend, and have something left over for the little Binders. She consented at once to Herr Wobber's request, and the two parted mutually pleased.

Though a green curtain hid Rose and her companion from view during their conversation, every word they said reached the ears of a young man standing outside, ostensibly reading the posters with keen interest.

Rose hurried past without noticing him; and he wended his way down the street absorbed in reflection.

Herr Wobber had suggested to Rose the propriety and necessity of Frau Binder's consent on her appearing in public as a wax figure. To this Rose had made an evasive reply. She was quite sure Frau Binder would not give the desired permission if asked; and she was equally confident that she would not be missed or questioned if she absented herself for the three evenings Herr Wobber required her.

The following night, after tea, Rose stole guiltily across the street and presented herself at the back door of the wax-work show. She was cordially welcomed by Herr Wobber, his wife, and an old woman, the two latter speedily dressing her in Philippine's gorgeous raiment. A young man painted, powdered, and anointed her face until her naturally lovely skin looked as doll like and artificial as that of the statues around. She was instructed in the few stiff motions necessary, and how to extend her hand for an adoring waxen Ferdinand to bend over and kiss.

The other figures were wound up, except one, and the various curtseys, nods, and jerks went on with extreme regularity and precision. Rose played her part so well that Herr Wobber and his satellites were loud in their praise.

The curtains were drawn and the usual crowd of people began to fill the rooms. Rose found it trying to be stared at and commented upon by so many people; but the curtain was let down every half hour for ten minutes, giving her time to rest.

When the curtains were again drawn, Rose was, as before, the object of everybody's admiration.

"How lifelike and graceful! What perfection of movement!" "Really too beautiful! When do you ever see such large eyes in nature?" "The portrait of Philippine at Ambras stepped out of its frame and come to Doradorf!" These were some of the comments she heard on every side.

At last the ordeal was over, and Rose hurried home, conscious that her debut in her novel role had been in every way successful.

No one at the Pension Binder suspected her escapades and the following night she went again to represent Philippine, not feeling at all nervous, and prepared to enjoy her part of the performance.

During the brief half-hour respites it was customary for the entire Wobber staff to refresh themselves with beer, and Rose and the other statues were left to themselves.

As the green drapery descended, Rose withdrew her hand from the waxen Ferdinand, and fell into the easiest, most restful position circumstances would permit. Suddenly, just behind her, she heard a stifled but unmistakable sneeze. On turning, she beheld, to her utter amazement, a figure of a Highland Laddie applying a white silk handkerchief to its nose. Guiltily it hustled this useful article out of sight and tried to look rigid and unconscious again; but it was of no use even in the semi-darkness.

"Are you hired, too?" asked the bewildered Rose. "Perhaps half these creatures are real people, after all!"

"No," said the wearer of the kilt; "I think you and I are the only shams."

"Do you belong to the show?"

"No; they—that is, their wax Rob Roy or somebody was out of order—eyes fallen in, I believe—and they took me instead."

"How long have you been here?"

"Not very long—only a few nights."

"It's poor fun being a wax figure for money, isn't it?"

"In some circumstances, very poor fun."

"How well you speak English!"

"Thank you; I am English. My name is Jack Fenton."

"My name is Rose Carbery."

"Carbery. A very dear friend of mine was called 'Rex Carbery;' but that was long ago. He was killed in South Africa."

The young man did not notice that Rose's eyes had filled with tears.

"He was my brother. When he died, I lost my best friend," she said simply.

"Your brother? By Jove! Then I was not misled by the attraction of that name!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing! I cannot fittingly express my pleasure at meeting Rex Carbery's sister."

"A strange place to meet her, you doubtless think," she said; "but poverty brings most of us into strange company. Are you alone here?"

"I have a married sister living a few miles out in the country. She invited me to a fancy-dress ball to-morrow evening."

"You will go, of course?"

"How can I, having pledged myself to represent Rob Roy?"

"How very unfortunate!"

"Oh, I think I can survive the disappointment;" said the young man with decision.

"Here come the people back; we mustn't talk any more."

"Indeed we must not! I'm under bond not to let you suspect I am a bogus wax figure. I would have kept my word if it hadn't been for the sneeze; but I couldn't help that to save my life."

If Jack Fenton had chosen to explain to Rose his real motives for appearing in Herr Wobber's show, the confession would have been somewhat as follows.

Fenton was an artist, and his trained eye, catching a glimpse of Rose's lovely face, was not satisfied with one glance. He followed her, and found out her humble lodging and her name. When he heard her name he became more interested in her, it being familiar to him as that of an old friend and comrade, long since dead.

Quite unnoticed by Rose—for Fenton was a gentleman, and would not annoy even a beggar-girl by unsought admiration—he hovered for days near the Binder establishment, hoping so to impress Rose's face upon his mind that he might be able to make a sketch of it from memory.

At the moment when Herr Wobber called her into the wax-work building to persuade her to take the role of Philippine, Fenton happened to pass by, and, not altogether liking the secret character of the interview, he played eavesdropper outside, pretending to examine the posters. Already he felt himself in a certain measure the protector of his innocent young countrywoman; and now she seemed to be putting herself in a position in which she might possibly need his protection.

He had with him a complete Highland costume, brought to wear at his sister's fancy-dress ball. Why should he not offer himself—kilt, sporran, and all—to Herr Wobber? To avoid suspicion, he would set a price on his services; but he would make that price so small that Herr Wobber could not refuse.

Nor did he. Under the strictest bond of secrecy the Highlander was engaged, instructed in the proper deportment for a wax figure, and placed in a favorable position an hour before Rose arrived for her lesson.

The third night Herr Wobber's show was more largely patronized than usual; and some of the visitors were disposed to be riotous, owing to convivial festivities in the neighborhood.

Three well-dressed slightly intoxicated young men seemed to be specially struck with Philippine. They looked at her intently, passed on, and returned again and again to stare and comment excitedly.

"I'll bet my boots she is a real woman, and not a wax figure at all! She winked just now; and, if you look sharp, you'll see her breathe!"

"Nonsense! They all wink. Look at Luther blinking like an owl at that Spanish gipsy!"

"That's very different. No—I'm in earnest! Who'll bet me a bottle of wine she is not a flesh and blood young woman?"

Rose was so disturbed at this conversation, of which she heard every word, that she forgot to extend her hand for the faithful Ferdinand to kiss.

He, poor neglected lover, continued to bend his back with clockwork regularity, and press his lips against the empty air about two inches above the palm of his own hand.

The hand of the young Scotch chieftain might have been noticed to clench itself threateningly, and his whole attitude lost its appearance of being on tip-toe ready for the Highland fling. Evidently two of Herr Wobber's figures needed winding up.

Fenton felt very uneasy. Those fellows were unmistakably drunk, and there was no answering for their conduct.

Again they paused before the now trembling Philippine.

"You're mad, Karl!" said one. "How are you going to prove it?"

"Watch my chance, and give her a good pinch when the old boy isn't looking!"

Rose grew pale with fright under her rouge.

The half drunken fellow put his hand upon the rope which prevented the public from approaching the figures, ready to spring upon the slightly-raised platform the moment an opportunity occurred.

Rose turned imploring eyes upon Fenton, who answered her gaze with a reassuring look.

Herr Wobber crossed the room to shake hands with a departing acquaintance.

"Now is my chance!" said the sceptical stranger, leaping upon the platform as lightly as a cat and gliding towards Rose.

"No—it isn't, my fine fellow!" cried Fenton, striding forward and seizing the intruder in a close grip. "You leave this platform and go about your business, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

Great uproar followed. Cries of "Cheating!" "Humbug!" and "Imposture!" filled the rooms.

Fenton saw that the gas meter was close to him. In an instant he had turned out the gas, leaving the place in total darkness. Then in the confusion that followed he seized Rose by the arm, saying:

"Come—there's not an instant to lose! We're really in danger from the rage of these people!"

To protect Rose from the cold, he unceremoniously tore off from a figure the first thick garment he could lay his hands upon, which happened to be Hiawatha's blanket.

Grouping and stumbling, the two fugitives found their way in the total darkness to the back door, and so escaped. It was well they made good their retreat, for Herr Wobber was in a towering rage.

The occurrences of this unlucky evening had ruined his reputation; and, though Fenton and Rose were not so much to blame as the riotous young fellow who had caused the uproar, they were in his employ, and consequently more easily punishable.

Herr Wobber at once made his way to Frau Binder and demanded an explanation. That good lady, thunder-struck, could give no satisfaction whatever, Rose having disappeared.

"And my Philippine-Welser costume gone into the bargain!" cried Herr Wobber, wringing his hands as he returned from his fruitless quest at Frau Binder's.

Rose and Fenton hurried down a few streets at full speed until they were sure of not being followed. Their extraordinary dress attracted no special attention at that season, as fancy-dress balls were being held all over the town.

"What shall we do?" asked Rose breathlessly when they came to a halt. "I dare not go back to Frau Binder, she will be so angry; and Herr Wobber would gladly strangle us both, I'm quite sure!"

"Yes—I'm afraid we've done for the old fellow's show—in Erndorf, at least. It is wisest to keep out of his way. Will you come to my sister's? Our dresses will cause a sensation at her ball this evening—yours particularly. And"—to himself—"my lovely little protegee would cast into the shade, even in Cinderella garb, the loveliest woman in that assembly!"

"But I, a perfect stranger, ought not to intrude on your sister."

"Nonsense! Clara is a very good sort; and the sister of Rex Carbery would always be a welcome guest in her house. Here, kutscher, to the Villa Clara!"

Driving to a suburb of the town, the fugitive "wax figures" descended at a gaily-lighted house in the midst of spacious well-kept grounds. Fenton sought out his sister, Mrs. Duncan, to whom he gave a brief explanation of Rose's presence. The young girl was made cordially welcome, and was installed as a guest for the holiday season at least.

The day after the ball Philippine Welser's costume, neatly packed in Hiawatha's blanket, was left at Herr Wobber's door.

"How do you like Miss Carbery?" Fenton asked his sister a few days later.

"She is charming!"

"I'm glad you think so, for I'm going to marry her if she will have me."

To lonely little Rose it seemed as if heaven itself had opened before her when Jack Fenton asked her to be his wife.

My Serenader.

BY G. L. B.

"MY dear child," said a maiden lady of an uncertain age, "you need not blush so; I dare say the young gentleman who has just passed the window has no idea of your existence."

"But he passes every day, aunt."

"Well, what of that?" said the lady.

"But he looks in at the window," said the young lady.

"Ah, indeed!" said her aunt.

"And he wears a sprig of myrtle in his coat, aunt; and you know that means 'true.'"

"Really, you amuse me, child! Anything more?"

"No, aunt," was the reply.

"Then, my dear child, you are a bit of a goose, and ought to know better," said her aunt. "I am afraid you are too fond of reading idle tales when you might be better employed. Well, well, I suppose we cannot put an old head on young shoulders, and yours are very young yet;" and she might have added pretty ones, covered as they were with locks of the softest and richest brown hair in the world.

Pretty girls are so common that I need not describe pretty Rose Arnold, as she and her aunt were sitting before the fire in that magic hour when the glare of day has passed and twilight is only just coming; when tenderness touches the hardest heart; when life seems more ideal, less dark, and cold, and dull.

"Shall I tell you what happened to myself, Rose?"

"Yes, do, aunt."

"Well, I will. You will see that there was once a time when your old aunt was as silly as you are now."

Rose laid her beautiful face on her aunt's lap, and looked up, and her aunt began:—

"Miss Silkstone kept a select establishment at Brighton for a limited number of young ladies, from whom the most unexceptionable references were required. She frequently advertised in the Times, and had always a vacancy for one or two.

"But you know as well as I that there never yet was a school for a limited number, that had not a vacancy for a genteel and well-connected pupil. I was that, and more. Why, then, was I sent to Miss Silkstone's salubrious abode? Well, the truth is, Dr. Bolus, our family physician, hinted that a little change of air and an occasional bath in the sea would not be amiss. The system requires bracing, said he to mamma.

"We are getting," added the dear, fat old man, as he contemplated my growing figure, "a little pale and thin; our roses are not quite so red as they might be."

"Girl as I was, I had read Lord Byron's Corsair, and his lines in Childe Harold bidding the deep and dark-blue ocean roll on, and had by heart Barry Cornwall's songs; and I loved, as girls of seventeen do love, passionately,

> The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The ever fresh, the ever free!

and made no objection to the arrangement which for awhile transplanted me from the paternal roof. It was not reluctantly, then, that I journeyed to the scene of my future residence. I was not bad-looking, and I knew that I had a love of a bonnet which would set all the girls wild. I had not lived at Clapham for nothing, you may be sure.

"Arrived at school, I did as the rest. On Sunday we went to church. Now the church service is rather long; and, however pious and proper one may be disposed to be, one cannot be always looking at the minister or at one's prayer book. In one of my occasional peeps at the congregation I found the eyes of a young man intently fixed on me.

"It was evident to me and all the rest of the girls that his ardent gaze was directed to no other than myself. The next Sunday the same phenomenon was witnessed; the next, it was the same. I was pleased, yet annoyed. Miss Silkstone gave me many a private lecture in her own apartments.

"Mademoiselle, as we were taught to call our French governess, was delighted; the girls all laughed; and, to make assurance doubly sure, I had been informed that one of the maids had been asked by a gentleman the name of the new girl, whom he declared to be a 'regular stunner.'

"Now it was clear to me and all the rest of us that this inquiry could have come from no other than from the gentleman whose optics had been so regularly, and, as it seemed, irresistibly exercised on myself.

"Presently another symptom of his admiration was manifested. Every evening at a certain hour, under the wall of our garden, were heard the dulcet sounds of an accordion; all said it was my church admirer thus renewing on week-days the homage that he had offered me at church on Sundays.

"I thought what every one said must be true, and listened with peculiar pleasure to 'Annie Laurie,' and 'My Beautiful Star,' and 'Jeannette and Jeannot,' and 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls,' and other popular airs; all of which I had heard, it is true, played before, but never, so it seemed to me, with such pathos and power as under the present circumstances. What a delicate way of being courted! Of course I was not in love; but, girl-like, I was glad to think that some one was in love with me.

"Just at this time I had to leave school for a few days; at the same time, by a strange coincidence, the serenading ceased, and my admirer was absent from his pew in church. Surely, then, I was right in thinking that I was the object of all these delicate attentions. The more I thought about it, the more certain I felt. Suspicion was banished; doubt now gave place to certainty.

"The mystery was cleared up—the serenade was for me, and the serenader was he whom I had seen at church, I must say, when I had come to this conclusion, I became impatient of this serenading, and wished either to change it into something of a more satisfactory character, or for it to cease altogether. Mademoiselle and myself, without saying a word to the other girls, resolved to bring matters to a crisis. For this purpose we resolved to secure the first opportunity; nor was it long before one presented itself.

"One dark night, when the usual serenading was going on, and Miss Silkstone happened to be particularly engaged with the friends of a new pupil who had come to tea, we hastily put on an old shawl and bonnet apiece; slipped out of the house forthwith, quite unperceived; rushed down to the end of the garden, and somehow or other found our way to the top of the wall.

"The night, as I have said, was dark; we could see no one, and the unknown was vigorously going through his accustomed musical performance. I fancied I could see the graceful outline of my admirer, as he swept his fingers over his beloved instrument, and told to the cold dark night, and the sad and silent stars all the love and hope and purpose of his heart. I listened with an interest that thrilled my whole frame.

"There he was, languishing for me; dreaming that I was smiling on his love. There could be no doubt that I was the Annie Laurie for whom he would lay him down and die! I was his Beautiful Star, up in Heaven so high, no less certain. What was I to do? Did not such touching love deserve some graceful recognition? Was he to realize the mournful fate of which he sang? Was I, so young, to be a cruel murderer, and all through life to have my heart bowed down with a sense of the fearful burden of such a crime?

"Yet it would not be imprudent to address a gentleman to whom I had never been introduced? I was in a frightful state of agitation; I could feel my cheeks getting red, and my heart jumped right up to the top of my throat. What should I do?

"Why, speak to him of course," said Mademoiselle, who was getting very cold, "or he will be laid up with influenza for a month."

"Oh, dear," said I, "I wish he would not come playing here."

"Oh, nonsense!" said she. "Speak to him; it will be capital fun."

"No, no; anything but that," exclaimed I, in an agony of fear.

"Well, if you won't speak," said she, "send him a token."

"A token?" Ah! that was a capital idea! There could be no harm in that. He was just beneath me. I gathered a few leaves and let them fall.

"Hush!" said Mademoiselle.

"The accordion went on as usual. The leaves evidently had produced no effect.

"Try again," said she.

"I did so. We listened—no acknowledgement. The accordion went on vigorously as ever."

"Let us go," said I, not a little frightened.

"No, no!" said she, "try again."

"I did so. The music stopped, the serenader changed his position; but in a moment recommenced his amorous strain. I grew quite frightened.

"Oh, do let us go," I whispered.

"No, no," said Mademoiselle; "try once more."

"Again fell the leaves, again we listened, again the accordion ceased. There was a cough, then a pause, then another cough, as if the serenader was impatient, and expected to be addressed. We strained our eyes and just saw the dim outline of a figure.

"Come! none of that 'ere!" was his exclamation.

"I could scarce believe my ears. My refined lover indulging in such vulgar and common-place language! I scarce knew whether to laugh or cry. However, I did neither, but said, as calmly as my excited feelings would allow me, What did you say?

"Why, none o' that 'ere, to be sure! Pitching lots o' dirt on to a poor fellow. What do you mean?

"There was some terrible mistake. My friend came to my rescue. Summoning up her dignity, and peering over the wall," she said severely, "Young man, who are you?"

"Me, marm? Why, Joe, the butcher's boy, to be sure!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Mademoiselle. "And what do you here?"

"You see," he replied, "I hain't got no place at home to practise in; so I comes every night here, 'cause the wall keeps the wind off; and now it's time for me to be off."

"And away he went off whistling, leaving me disenchanted of my love. I may only add that I endured an additional pang when, a short time afterwards, I found that the eyes that always glared at me at church, squinted. Since then I have not been quite so hasty in jumping at conclusions.

"And now, Rose, dear, we had better get to work; ring for Ellen to bring lights, and now draw the curtains."

Rose got up to do so. As she approached the window, the individual with the myrtle passed. Rose thought nothing of it, and it is well she did not, as later in life she knew him well as a married man and a friend of her husband and her own.

Scientific and Useful.

BLEACHING.—French manufacturers who have been seeking the best method of bleaching leather are reported to have obtained the most satisfactory results from sodium peroxide—already used for bleaching wood and silk—as the oxidising agent. Heavy leather is brushed with a solution of two pounds of magnesium sulphate and three-quarters of a pound of sodium peroxide in four gallons of water, and subsequently immersed in weak vinegar or acidulated water. For light leather the same solution can be used without the acid treatment.

THE BIGRAPH.—The "bigraph" is an interesting device invented by an Italian nobleman. As its name implies, it is designed to produce a facsimile of a writing at the same time that the original is made, being provided with two pens, which are supported by the framework in such a manner that their points are always in the same horizontal plane. The pen to the right hand is intended for the operator or writer, and the least stroke made by this pen is at the same time duplicated by the one on the left. The framework is jointed and hinged, so that the pens can be moved in any direction. The weight of the frame is taken from the hand by a counterbalance, so that the act of writing is made almost as easy as with the usual pen and holder. At the base of the stand are two ink wells, and the dipping of a pen in one well causes the other pen to dip in the well opposite. The work is as simple as ordinary writing, it is stated, when once the two sheets of paper to be written upon have been placed parallel to each other and secured.

Farm and Garden.

THE COWS.—Comfort for the cows always pays in an increased milk yield, and it is not certain but that the yield of milk would be actually increased if the cows that are now in a stall of stanchions could be put in box stalls.

SHARP AND DULL.—Put two men at work, one with a sharp hoe and one with a dull implement. The result will be that the man with a sharp hoe will do more work than the other and to such an extent as to pay for the cost of a new hoe.

SMALL FARMS.—Out of 238,000 farms in Denmark only 1,900 are over 250 acres in extent, and most of them are worked by their owners. By their great technical knowledge of their business and the gradual change from growing grain to breeding cattle and dairy farming the Danish farmers have suffered less from trans-Atlantic competition than those of any other European country.

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Of Disappointments.

Solomon was coming near the heart of the problem of the use of disappointments when he warned his hearers against sparing the rod and spoiling the child. For "rod" read "disappointments," and you have Nature's method of correcting and training us. Perhaps it is not a very fortunate comparison to begin with since in these days the rod is a discredited instrument of education.

Our forefathers held it to be as indispensable as the alphabet or the multiplication-table. They regarded the application of the rod as a sort of preventive medicine, superior to the curative kind, an inoculation against possible moral disorders. They had fear of too much happiness—a view that had something in common with the Chinese theory that only a certain amount of pleasure is allotted to man, and a lavish indulgence early in life must leave a residuum.

Well, the notion of preventive chastisement has perished from among us. The School Board would not tolerate it, the law frowns upon it, civilization has gone beyond it. Perhaps it has gone too far. There are people who would change the reading of the proverb from "If you spare the rod you spoil the child" to "Spare the rod even if you spoil the child."

We show more and more a shrinking from punishment. Nobody can do anything bad enough to deserve hanging; nor may the greatest of rogues be imprisoned for long, nor the most brutal of creatures be treated with a severity which he can appreciate without somebody crying shame. But that is not the way of the natural world, where God's laws have free play without man's too-clever interference. There the value of standing the racket of the disagreeable is illustrated again and again; and one of the illustrations is to be seen in the use of disappointment as a moral stimulus.

Disappointments frequently are, and always should be, tonics; perhaps not specially prescribed as such, but none the less healthful. We are none of us so robust that a dose of sea-air can do us no good, though we are not always vigorous enough to trust ourselves to the strong breezes of the East coast. The simile halts in so far that in one case the medicine attracts in itself and invigorates immediately, while in the other the application is repellent and the remedy depresses before it stimulates.

The analogy is still worse in that, if we welcomed disappointments in view of their final effects, those effects would be neutralized by our cheerful acceptance of them, and we should be in the paradoxical position of meeting with disappointments which did not disappoint in the sense of distress. Yet, while we can hardly be expected to greet disappointments on the threshold, we may, without insincerity or cant, be grateful for the disappointments we have gone through.

A man who should live for twenty years without coming upon one knot in the thread of life, whose will had been more respected than an Act of Congress, and whose every solitary desire had been gratified at a nod, or even anticipated, would be an uncompromisingly burdensome member of society even if he had not yet come to be disgusted with himself. The sparing policy would not only spoil but demoralize the grown-up child. In an altogether differently constituted world it might be possible that infantile enjoyments alone would be enough for the up-bringing of children. But life as we know it would lose its strength if pain and loss and the emotions they bring were taken out of it.

Imagine the blankness of an existence in which grief had no part! We should sit all day at a comedy, laughing at the wit and the farce, but the catastrophes of life would pass unheeded. We cannot spare the tragedies that deepen life, painful and crushing though they be, for there is no tragedy which comes terribly home to us and cuts into our hearts but it leaves us with a new understanding of life—not happier perhaps, as the word is commonly understood, but more spiritualized.

The solemn quiet grief which overtakes us when we are called upon to submit to the heaviest blow that Nature can administer drags us down and down; but it also tears a bandage from our eyes, and shows us meanings in life that we had never before realized; it refines us if we are of refinable metal, and adds new qualities to our character.

It is said that a soldier is only half a soldier until he he has smelt powder in action and heard the bullet whizz past his ears. He will go into battle a boy, and come out a man. In the same way a man who has never encountered serious trouble is wanting in completeness of character. How can a man be counted on for a certainty until he has passed life's most terrible tests?

The ability to accept disappointments with fortitude, if not with cheerfulness, and to use them as a spur, is a form of knowing how to take a beating. Notice how finely that power is shown in children. How pleasant it is to see a spirit of emulation that strains every nerve to win; but better still is the dogged frankness that, having been beaten, does not shirk the truth, but owns to the fact, and yet is not cowed or discouraged! This is the finest of all the forms of pluck—to have done one's best, to have been beaten this time, to know it, and yet also to know that it is not the last time, is to be truly stout-hearted.

The failures that strew our streets are nearly all explained when we have said, "They are men who cannot persist through disappointments." You pass a man, limp, shuffling, unstrung, a waif tossed hither and thither on the waves of circumstance; immediately afterwards you observe a man firm, brisk, steadfast, masterful, decision in every step and glance; yet you know that at starting the two were lads of apparently equal ability, and one has drifted, and the other has developed into what he now is.

Probably during the first half dozen years of their active life they met with an equal number of disappointments; but one was discouraged as well as beaten, while the other became inured without repining to the buffets of the world. He knew how to negotiate disappointments; he learned how to win by losing.

To a good many disappointments what we have been saying will not apply, because they are sham losses of sham battles. If people will set themselves impossible tasks and believe in success therein, they cannot reasonably expect much commiseration when they fail. Far be it from us to slight a generous ideality, to disenchant those who set before themselves a distant or an unattainable object, so long as it is a moral object. But even in the airy realm of the mind it is best to have a clear view of what is attainable and what must for ever remain an aspiration, otherwise disappointment may come with a disastrous shock.

The men who work towards a millennium are the choice spirits of the race; but the choicest are those who, knowing that their millennium will never arrive, yet work for it. They take the good they find with thankfulness, and are armor-proof against disappointment. They moderate their hopes without relaxing their efforts, and so are always gaining the encouragement of small advantages.

That is a good rule, whether applied to moral efforts or to the personal search for worldly advancement. It is the man who is on the outlook for a great coup, a sweeping victory, a sensational step ahead, who is paying serious court to disappointment, and is most likely to get it. For the best success comes by almost imperceptible degrees, and is made up of a succession of small successes.

Most men who mean to sit on the woolsack, or wield the field-marshal's baton, or wear the laureate's wreath, or stand on any of the world's pinnacles, are certain to be disappointed. One pities their want of sense more than their want of success. But for modest ambition every one must have a tender thought; and no more cheering word can be given to it than the assurance that the bold facing of failure is the secret of success, and out of weakness we are made strong.

IT is not infrequently supposed that men who are severe, judicial, and critical are the intellectual superiors of others who are lenient, kindly, and charitable. The latter are beloved, it is true, but the former are feared and respected as having a higher standard, and perhaps more strength of mind and force of character. Yet it is safe to say that in the generality of cases the exact opposite of this is the truth. It requires very little knowledge and very little intelligence to find fault.

HOWEVER hard and wearisome the path of life may be, no one yet made it easier or smoother by worry. Worry means nothing more or less than paralysis of all the brighter side of many natures. Of course those who worry do so because they are very unhappy and concerned about somebody; but it may be easily questioned whether those they are worried about are not made quite as unhappy as the worriers themselves.

EXPERIENCE shows that to know and to do are seldom so closely connected as we might wish. Take any set of people who listen constantly to the same moral teachings, and the wide difference in their conduct under similar temptations will show clearly that some other element beside knowledge must be at work shaping the actions.

No teaching is effectual without example, no authority is endurable except it be softened by example. Begin with acting, and let your words come after that. Actions speak and persuade, while mere words without kindly deeds are but vain.

GENEROSITY, sympathy, and brotherly affection will teach us more of the real character of a man than all the sifting and weighing that we can do, for it will bring out the best that a man is capable of.

A NEW chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to us.

DIVINE love is a secret flower, which in its early buds is happiness and in its full bloom is heaven.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. O. G.—A stye is nothing more nor less than a small painful boil at the edge of the eyelid. In severe cases apply a poultice, and open it as soon as it begins to point. After it has discharged freely, apply, on going to bed, for two or three nights, a little diluted nitrate of mercury ointment. Tonics and alteratives are frequently required to break up the formation of styes.

AMY.—To prepare skeleton leaves, soak the leaves in rain water until they are decomposed. For this purpose, when the leaves are collected, they should be placed in an earthenware pan or a wooden tub kept covered with rain water, and allowed to stand in the sun. In about two weeks they should be examined, and if found pulpy and decaying, will be found ready for skeletonising, for which process some cards, a camel's hairbrush, as well as one rather stiff (a toothbrush, for instance), will be required. When all is prepared, gently float a leaf on to a card, and with the soft brush carefully remove the skin. Have ready a basin of clean water, and when the skin of one side is completely removed, reverse the card in the water, and slip it under the leaf, so that the other side will be upper most. Brush this to remove the skin, when the fleshly part will most likely come with it; but if not it will readily wash out in the water. If particles of the green-colored matter still adhere to the skeleton, endeavor to remove them with the soft brush; but if that prove of no avail, use the hard one.

LILIA.—We presume you refer to Funchal, a seaport town and capital of the Island of Madeira, a Portuguese island in the Atlantic Ocean, where the mean temperature is about 68 degrees F., and the difference between the hottest and coldest months (August and February) averages only ten degrees. It is resorted to by invalids from all countries. Its population is about 25,000. The streets are narrow, with steep ascents, and paved with small stones. Traveling and the transfer of merchandise are done on sleds, drawn by oxen. Fresh meat and poultry are scarce and high, but fruit, fish, and vegetables are abundant and cheap. The houses are mostly of stone. The trade is chiefly in the hands of English residents. The number of invalid visitors from England alone is estimated at three hundred annually. While the efficacy of the climate in cases of advanced pulmonary disease has, it is said, been greatly exaggerated, there is no doubt of the benefit to be derived by those whose lungs have not become badly damaged.

WEEPING.—The weeping willow is a native of the Orient, though it flourishes in England and elsewhere. It is said that the poet Pope first propagated the true weeping willow in England by untwisting a willow basket sent him from Turkey, filled with figs, and planting one of the branches. The twig became a tree, and from this willow at Twickenham all of the same kind in England are believed to have descended. It has always been referred to as a type of sorrow, desolation and desertion—perhaps because the Jews associated it with tears and grief when they sat beneath its shade and "wept by the waters of Babylon." Sir Walter Scott wrote: "A wreath of willow to show my forsaken plight," and the willow was once commonly used a sign for an undertaker's window. The term "wear the willow," applied to a lover deserted, or bereaved of a loved one, was used by the poet Campbell in the couplet—

"I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me;"

but whether it originated with him is more than we can tell you. The willow is propagated by slips (cuttings) stuck into ground kept damp until the stick sends out its rootlets. All shrubs or trees with pith in the stems are propagated by sticking a cutting in the ground, when it soon takes root.

M. A.—The block system of railway signals consists in dividing a line of railway into sections or blocks of such lengths that the movements of the trains can be easily controlled by telegraph operators stationed in signal towers at the end of each block, who observe and record the movement of trains by telegraph, and who work the signals by which the engineers are directed. The apparatus of each station consists of a signal-box, rising about eighteen feet from the ground, and having sliding green and red signals, two on each side of different colors, situated near the rails, so as to be easily seen by the engineers of passing trains, and the telegraphic apparatus within. By means of strong cords connecting the signals of each side with the working-room of the tower, the operator can conveniently make the necessary changes. Red is the stationary signal, and signifies that the engineer of an approaching train cannot pass until a second signal shows that the block is clear. This information is conveyed by showing the white signal. A green signal is understood to mean proceed with caution, as the block is not entirely clear of trains. The exact time at which each train reaches a station is telegraped at once to the operators at the station just passed and the one next succeeding, thus enabling the operators to notify the engineer of every train approaching a signal-box with certainty of the condition of the track between the given point and the next succeeding station. No passenger train is allow to pass a station while the train of the same class is on the block, or between the two stations, without special permission. Freight trains, however, are sometimes allowed to run on a block in quick succession, from five to ten minutes behind each other.

EARTH'S POETRY.

BY C. R.

The banks are sunlit; and the moss
Is cool with glittering dews;
Wild hyacinths the low winds toss,
Clouds part with azure views!
The fragrance from the new-mown hay
Runs through each leafy bush;
The violets from each woodland way,
Send up a purple blush!

Of wealthy flowers, all redly rimm'd,
Earth's spirit never tires;
In tears her smile is never dimm'd,
Seas welter in her fires!
Fresh murmurs ripple through the dell;
Young wildflowers hide our feet;
The rosebud has a crimson swell;
The winds and blossoms meet!

A haze of mingled splendor tips
All things in summer eves;
The dying sun's red beams, like lips,
Kiss o'er the dewy leaves.
Swarms up the honied-hues of flowers,
Like faintly purple mist;
And sprinkled with luxuriant showers,
Each bud yearns to be kist!

Milchester Diamonds.

BY R. W.

SHELDRAKE ON SEA is a quiet little town on the eastern coast of England. It is by no means a fashionable resort, nor as yet has the solitary railway company that runs trains for the benefit of those who may desire to visit it, seen fit to turn it into a watering place for the million.

No, tripe to Sheldrake are unknown, much to the gratification of the householders there, who are quite content with the harvest they reap from the staid, steady-going people who annually spend their summer holiday at it.

In fact, the good folk of Sheldrake depend but little on strangers for their livings. There are sufficient moneyed, if not wealthy, people in the place to make it prosperous without adventitious or extraneous assistance.

Moreover, Sheldrake is a very conservative town, and, as such, treats all strangers with a certain amount of suspicion, especially if they show the least disposition to make their permanent home in the neighborhood of its shingly beach.

You will understand, then, that when a new doctor, i.e., a strange doctor, suddenly swooped down upon the inhabitants of Sheldrake, rented the best house on their esplanade, and announced his name and profession with a glittering brass plate on his door, "a plate," as somebody said, "as vulgar as a warming pan," excitement and indignation ran high. Curiosity, too, was not lacking.

"How is the fellow going to live?" demanded old Doctor Parsons crustily. "He'll be in the workhouse in six months."

"And we shall have to pay to help to keep him," groaned his friend and colleague, Doctor Rodgers, who hated disbursement of any kind.

"I call it impudence, his daring to come to oppose us," grumbled Doctor Parsons. "The idea of a nincompoop whom nobody knows anything of having the insolence to flaunt a door-plate in our faces!"

"He shall be punished," cried Rogers in a menacing tone; "I shall refuse to meet him in consultation."

"Capital!" chuckled his partner; "I'll do the same—that will settle him."

Having thus satisfactorily arranged for the complete annihilation of the newcomer, the two old gentlemen sipped a glass of sherry apiece and toddled off home.

Meanwhile, Doctor Urmston, for so the stranger was named, sat in his consulting room and waited for patients. They were rather shy in coming; Messrs. Parsons and Rogers had tinkered at their constitutions so long that they were afraid to intrust them into other hands.

When Doctor Urmston had been three months in the place not a single resident had been to him for advice; the only money he had taken had been captured from members of the floating population. The old-established firm was correspondingly jubilant.

Let us take a look at Doctor Urmston, as, with folded arms, he sat before his fire one cold January morning. He was a tall, muscular man, with a well-knit, sinewy frame—a man in the prime of life.

His eyes, large but piercing, were of a jetty blackness, his face decidedly handsome, but the thin, closely compressed lips betokened temper. A shrewd observer could not fail to think that there was withal about the doctor somewhat of a cruel look.

"I have been here exactly three moths," and at present I have made no headway among these dolts. It is time there was a change. Yes; I feel that a change is coming." Doctor Urmston was clearly of a sanguine nature.

A timid ring at the house-bell now attracted his attention. "I should not wonder," he said to himself, and he smiled grimly, "if that ring be the turning point of my career in Sheldrake."

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," said a page boy, entering the room.

"Let her wait ten minutes and then show her in, Thompson," replied the doctor. His heart began to beat rapidly, and he betrayed other signs of unusual excitement. "I'm as unnerved as the veriest child," he muttered, "and perhaps it is not the right woman after all."

The time passed slowly, but at length, with a tremendous flourish, Thompson ushered in the lady.

Doctor Urmston advanced to meet her and offered her a chair.

She came forward shyly and with a hesitating step. "Doctor Urmston, I believe?" she murmured, sinking into the proffered seat. Her voice was sweet and clear, and she gazed at the doctor with half-frightened eyes.

The doctor bowed.

"My brother," she continued, in more assured tones, "my brother is very ill, poor boy; I wish you to come to see him."

"What is his complaint?" asked the doctor.

"A weak spine. He has been getting gradually worse and worse for the last year. Nine months ago we came to reside in this town, hoping that the sea air might be of benefit to him, but our hopes were vain. He grows daily more of an invalid. Doctor Parsons and Doctor Rogers have both attended him, but they have done him no good, and I thought I'd try you."

"I am much flattered," answered Doctor Urmston; "but have you informed the other doctors of your decision?"

"Oh! yes, and I don't think they liked it. 'You must fully understand, madam,' they said in a breath, and the speaker's face lighted up with a wan smile, the first since she had entered the room, 'you must fully understand that we most absolutely decline to meet Doctor Urmston in consultation.'"

'And your reply, madam?"

"I told them I could dispense with their services for the future."

"Then I shall have much pleasure in attending your brother."

"And oh! doctor," the lady exclaimed, as she rose to depart, "you will do your best for my dear brother, won't you? I sometimes fear I am to lose him altogether. You will save him if you can, will you not?"

"Rest assured, I will use my utmost skill."

On the very threshold of the room the lady turned again.

"What an unbusiness-like man you are, Doctor Urmston," she said severely, "you are allowing me to go away without inquiring my name or where I live. How can you possibly visit my brother unless you know his name and address?"

The doctor was profuse in his apologies, and, thus mollified, the lady went away, having first handed him her card, on which was inscribed, Miss Blake, Seaview Cottage, West Cliff, Sheldrake-on Sea.

A pretty woman was Laura Blake, and so thought Dr. Urmston, as from the window he watched her figure flit down the esplanade. I say "flit" advisedly, for there was about her walk a light, sylph-like grace of movement, as charming as uncommon.

The keen frosty air had given Miss Blake a higher color than was usual to her and enhanced her beauty, and on her homeward way she was the unconscious recipient of many an envious feminine, and admiring masculine, glance.

Having reached and entered Seaview Cottage, which stood a little way out of town, Miss Blake hastily threw aside her wraps in the hall and at once went to her brother.

"Did you think me long, Algy?" she asked, bending down to stroke the sick lad's hair. "Has Hannah been good to you while I was away? Yes! but it is not like having Laura, is it, dear?"

Algernon Blake was a pale, delicate looking boy of twenty; his thin, drawn face was stamped with the hues of ill-health; and a habitual expression of peevishness, no doubt the fruit of suffering, added further to its disfigurement.

At any time it is a trying ordeal to have to lie on one's back when one wishes to be up and about, and it must be doubly so at the very opening of life. This Laura Blake knew and she bore her brother's fretfulness with exemplary patience, for she was much attached to him.

"When is the doctor coming?" Algy inquired, without deigning to reply to either her questions or caress.

"He'll be here shortly," his sister answered. "My poor Algy! I wish I could help you to bear your trouble."

Even while she spoke Doctor Urmston rang the bell. Having thoroughly overhauled his new patient, the doctor pronounced the case far from incurable. "Time and careful attention, my dear Miss Blake, may do wonders," he declared.

"I have treated many people similarly afflicted, and I can recall to mind more than one instance of complete recovery, when the patient's condition has been far more serious than your brother's."

Laura Blake brightened wonderfully on hearing this.

"There! Algy, you need despair no more," she said. "You hear what the doctor thinks."

"The others did me no good," returned Algy wearily.

When Doctor Urmston left the house he went for a stroll on the sea shore. His cruel mouth was wreathed by a triumphant smile.

"Capital!" Capital!" he muttered; "nothing could be better. Yes, Algy, my friend, we'll soon have you all right again. If only—gracious! I say, you——"

"Inspector McVeigh, at your service," cried the jolly visaged individual with whom the doctor had so unceremoniously collided. "It strikes me we'd both have been better employed in looking where we were going. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

In a few minutes the two men were walking up and down, chatting like old acquaintances. The inspector was in a communicative mood.

"No, sir," he returned, in answer to a remark of the doctor, as he lit a cigar that individual had given him, "I cannot say we have much crime down here. Most of our petty sessional work is what I may call public-house cases. We have a larceny job now and then, but there aren't many."

"It's a wonder the Milchester diamonds don't tempt some London cracksman," said the doctor carelessly; "I hear they are of great value."

"Oh! you've heard all about the Milchester jewels, have you, sir?" replied the inspector, bestowing a shrewd glance on his companion. "It is a pity people cannot hold their tongues."

"It is," the doctor assented; "a great pity. By the way, inspector, do you know anything of the people who live in Seaview Cottage?"

"Not much, sir. They have not been here very long—getting on for a twelvemonth, I should think. But why do you ask, sir?"

"Oh! only because I was called in today to see a boy there. He's in a bad way, but I've no doubt I can cure him in time."

"I'm very glad to hear it, sir. My Katie—that's my daughter, sir—she's very much taken up with Miss Blake, and often spends an afternoon at the cottage. They got to know each other through both of them being Sunday school teachers."

"They seem to me to be superior sort of people," continued Doctor Urmston; "and the girl's very pretty."

"Yes, she's a decent-looking young woman," agreed the inspector; "and Sheldrake air must suit her, for she's picked up wonderfully while she has been here. How do you like our little town, sir?"

"First rate," answered the doctor, "though," he added with a laugh, "I should like it better if I could get more patients."

"I am pleased to hear you like the place, sir."

"I like it so well," Doctor Urmston pursued, "that I have written this morning to a young friend of mine in town, begging him to bring his wife down here. She's a delicate woman, and I fancy the Sheldrake air would do her no end of good. They can live with me. My house is big enough for two or three families."

"It's more like a barrack than a house," laughed the inspector. "Well, good morning, sir. I must be going."

"Katie," Inspector McVeigh remarked, when, half an hour later, his daughter and he were discussing their midday meal, "Miss Blake has called in this new doctor to attend her brother. What will Parsons & Co. say to that?"

Miss Katie McVeigh tossed her head. "They may say what they like, father; Laura Blake has done quite rightly: they are a couple of old women."

"The young fellow's in a bad way, Doctor Urmston says."

"Yes, father, and poor Laura's a slave to him. He's lucky to have such a sister; she's little less than an angel."

It was about a month after Doctor Urmston's first visit to Algernon Blake that Laura began to notice an alteration in her brother; and when, as the days passed on it became obvious to all who saw him that he was surely, if slowly, improving under his new treatment, her gladness of heart and thankfulness knew no bounds.

Hitherto the prey of a settled melancholy, she now went singing about the house, blithe as a blackbird at mating-time. Nor did she forget to sing the praises of the new doctor, whose skill had wrought such a wonderful transformation in her brother.

Far and near she proclaimed his worth, and the object of her encomiums speedily found a large increase in the numbers of his patients.

Now, it happened that Lady Milchester, the owner of the aforementioned jewels, was an old woman, who, crotchety on most points, was especially so in the matter of medical attendants.

When, therefore, the trumpeting forth of Doctor Urmston's fame as a healer grew loud enough to invade the precincts of Milchester Towers, her ancestral home, she became keenly desirous of letting him try his power over her rheumatism.

No matter that the complaint was chronic and well-established; no matter that she had an inward misgiving that nothing short of death would ever cure it, Doctor Urmston had become locally the fashion and Doctor Urmston should be summoned to Milchester Towers.

In pursuance of this object she said one morning, after an unusually late breakfast, to her companion and secretary, Ellen Drew:

"Nelly, my dear, write to Doctor Clarkson by this day's post"—Parsons & Rodgers had long been sent to the rightabout by her ladyship as incompetent humbugs—"and inform him that I shall no longer require his services. Tell him, also, to send in his bill; I'll pay him off and have done with him."

Ellen Drew sat down and wrote the letter.

"And now, Nelly," continued the old lady, when the final scratch of her companion's pen betokened that the missive was completed, "write to Doctor——bless me! what's the man's name?"

"Urmston," Miss Drew suggested.

"Yes, to be sure; Urmston. Well, write to him and ask him to call during the day."

Silence again reigned for a few minutes. The companion finished the letter and sealed it.

"Shall I send it to Sheldrake at once?" she inquired.

"Yes, Nelly, do, there's a dear."

"If you please, your ladyship," said a servant, entering the room, "Miss McVeigh wishes to speak with your ladyship."

"What! Katie McVeigh? Show her in, then," replied Lady Milchester, who was personally acquainted with all the residents for miles around.

"Well, what is it, Katie?" asked the old lady when, a couple of minutes later, the inspector's daughter stood before her.

"Don't look so frightened, child! I shan't eat you up. There, sit down; I declare you're quite flurried."

Katie McVeigh was certainly much excited. She sank into a chair and began to cry. "Oh! Lady Milchester," she sobbed hysterically, "such a dreadful thing has happened."

"The smelling-salts, Nelly, quick!" cried her ladyship briskly.

Under their soothing influence Katie gradually grew calmer; and the first thing she did was to make a sudden dive into her pocket and drag forth a crumpled envelope. Having accomplished this feat, she flung, rather than handed, the envelope to Lady Milchester, and again relapsed into hysterics.

"Goodness me! what's come to the girl?" exclaimed Lady Milchester, with some acerbity of tone. "Attend to her, will you, Nelly, while I try to learn what all this precious fuss is about. I always thought Katie a sensible young woman, but it appears I was wrong."

So saying her ladyship adjusted her binoculars, broke open the envelope, and slowly perused the contents. Her face paled slightly as she took in the meaning. Twice, three times, did she read the letter through before she spoke.

"Katie," she said at last, "don't forget to thank your father for his warning and to tell him I'll take care. And now, if you

feel composed enough, let me know exactly what has occurred at Seaview Cottage."

The pith of Katie McVeigh's story was as follows: about two o'clock in the morning Miss Blake had been disturbed by a slight noise. On sitting up and listening she plainly heard whispering downstairs. Being a courageous girl, she slipped quietly out of bed, put on her dressing-gown, and went to investigate the cause of it.

Two men were in the sitting-room, drinking Algy's invalid port and smoking. Their backs were towards her and for a little while they did not notice her. One of them, however, happening to glance up, espied the reflection of her figure in the overmantel.

With an oath he sprang to his feet, and seizing her, forced her into an easy-chair where his companion kept guard over her while he ransacked the room. In about half an hour they departed with all the booty they could find, leaving the terrified girl in a dead faint.

So quietly and expeditiously had they done their work that Algy Blake slept peacefully through the night without waking. "And father says they forced an entrance through the scullery window," finished Katie.

Having been regaled with wine and cake, Katie was about to depart, when Ellen Drew proposed that she should leave the note at Doctor Urmston's as she would have to pass his house to reach home, and thus save sending a special messenger. She gladly acquiesced, being always pleased to do anything for Miss Drew, with whom she was a favorite.

Thus it came to pass that shortly afterwards, while looking out of his window, Doctor Urmston was much astonished to see Miss McVeigh ascending his front door steps.

His face became ashen, but, recovering himself by an effort, he was the self possessed professional man when his servant entered the room with Kate's note. Two minutes later a broad smile of satisfaction beamed on his countenance, but it was not a pleasing smile; rather was it wicked; such a smile as Satan may often give over the commission of an evil deed.

"Beyond my highest expectations," he muttered. "What a clever girl my Laura is! But," and his brow darkened, "I shall be glad when the farce is played out. I don't like those two being together so long in the cottage."

Some time after the last candle had been extinguished that night in her house, old Lady Milchester rose slowly from her bed, and groping her way to the jewel chest, emptied its every drawer. "I'll put them," she said to herself, "I'll put them where it would take a very clever thief to find them."

Thus gratulating herself, she moved to a window and drew up the blind. At the same moment the moon burst forth from behind a cloud, and in its pale radiance the jewels flashed and scintillated in her ladyship's hand; flashed and scintillated on the dressing table, where she had placed some of them when she raised the blind; flashed and scintillated as if they had veritably been endowed with actual life.

Half-an-hour afterwards the moonbeams crept—for she had forgotten to draw down the blind again—stealthily over Lady Milchester's face, showing up every wrinkle and seam, intensifying each pucker and crow's-foot, but she never woke. They crept too lightly for that.

In the same hour Laura Blake was tending her sick brother, for he was more than usually restless; Doctor Urmston was smoking a choice cheroot and felicitating himself on having obtained a footing in Milchester Towers; while Inspector McVeigh, tramping homeward to his well-earned rest, and pondering on the recent robbery at Seaview Cottage, exclaimed, as he drew within sight of the house which occupied his thoughts, "The poor lad must be worse to night; I can see his sister's shadow moving on the blind."

* * * * * *

"It is quite evident," said Inspector McVeigh slowly, tapping his pipe on the corner of the fender to dislodge the ashes, "that something must be done. I am ashamed to show my face out of doors."

When the inspector had any knotty problem to solve, he always did so with the accompaniment of much tobacco, and on the present occasion the problem was very knotty indeed, so much so that three large pipefuls of latakia had left him exactly where he had started. In fact he was completely nonplussed. He laid down his pipe in disgust and thus addressed his daughter who sat opposite to him, doing patchwork.

"I am not, as you well know, Katie, one of those men who say that all women are *fools*, and I have good reason to believe that you have more than your share of brains. Now, put that rubbish down a moment and listen to me: On the night of the third or early on the morning of the fourth of last March Seaview Cottage was broken into and robbed. From that date up to the present hour on the twenty-seventh of May there have been no fewer than nine successful burglaries in this town, all, without doubt, the work of the same hands. For reasons which it is unnecessary to go into, it is quite plain that the thieves live among us and that their booty is not carried far away. We have no strangers here now worth speaking of, and none of them has been here more than a week or two. I am quite baffled, Katie."

"You make a mistake, father; we have some strangers amongst us: Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Pellingham arrived in Sheldrake two days before Seaview Cottage was broken into."

"What? the young swell and his invalid wife, Doctor Urmston's friends? You are foolish to think of them, Katie. The doctor is sufficient guarantee for their respectability."

"Is he indeed?" rejoined Katie tartly; "and why should he be, pray? What does any one of us know about him or his career previously to his coming here except what he has told us himself? I should not be a bit surprised if he turned out to be a good-for-nothing. I can't bear the man."

"So I perceive, my dear," answered the inspector smoothly. "However, don't run your hand against a brick wall for the sake of gratifying a little spite. Still, there is some truth in what you say; I'll think it over."

And Inspector McVeigh relit his pipe and again plunged into thought.

When Katie McVeigh spoke slightingly of Doctor Urmston and threw out dark hints against his character, she had no object in her mind save that of quietly venting it against a man for whom she had conceived a violent aversion.

Nor a moment did she really suspect the doctor of being aught but what he professed to be; and ten minutes after her little outburst, she would have been much surprised could she have known that her hasty words had made any impression on her father.

Katie was one of those people who are very strong in their likes and dislikes, and she had taken a great fancy to Laura Blake—a fancy which that young lady apparently reciprocated in her own quiet way—and was quite ready to view the world through Laura's spectacles.

Now, after her first feelings of gratitude towards Doctor Urmston for the skill with which he had treated her brother had subsided, Miss Laura Blake began to find out—or, at least, she said she did, which comes to the same thing—that the doctor was not a nice man.

"I don't quite know, dear," she said vaguely to Katie, "what there is in the man that displeases me, but I am never really at ease in his presence. Algy, fortunately, does not share my sentiment of dislike. He and the doctor get on admirably."

"I am glad of that," replied Katie, "and I agree with you, Laura; there is certainly something repellent about Doctor Urmston."

"Not absolutely repellent, dear," corrected Miss Blake; "I did not say that."

"Well, perhaps not repellent," Katie hastened to say; "but something so——"

"Untamed," suggested Laura.

"That very word was on the tip of my tongue," Katie declared. And she believed that she spoke the truth.

Laura Blake smiled to herself. But it is very doubtful whether she would have been so self-complacent had she been aware that in consequence of their conversation Katie would make innuendoes about Doctor Urmston to her father. Perhaps Miss Blake really had an antipathy to the doctor. Who can say?

Be that as it may, however, whatever her object in decrying him had been, it most decidedly had not been her intention that Katie should raise doubts in Inspector McVeigh's mind concerning his integrity.

Though not disposed to attach much importance to his daughter's tirade against Doctor Urmston, the inspector did not let the matter pass entirely out of his memory, and an event shortly occurred which recalled it to his mind with redoubled force. That event was nothing less than the theft of the Milchester jewels.

Old Lady Milchester was found bound and gagged one morning, and on being freed, related how she had seen her property abstracted from its hiding place and been powerless to prevent it.

"No one but myself," she said, "knew where I kept my jewels. I had not told a soul."

And then she went on to relate how, warned by a letter from Inspector McVeigh to guard her gems with especial care, she had secreted them behind a sliding panel in her bed-room.

"And do you say that the burglars made straight for their concealment?" demanded the inspector.

"Yes," returned the old lady, "two of them stayed by me and two of them went directly to the panel and drew it back, though how they knew where to look remains a mystery. I am sure I had mentioned the matter to nobody."

Having gleaned all the information he could, which practically amounted to nothing, Mr. McVeigh proceeded to his own home, and after giving Katie instructions that he was on no account to be disturbed, he filled his favorite meerschaum and sat down to cogitate on the latest outrage. After two hours' deliberation he arrived at the following conclusion:

"I have unsuccessfully tried my own ways; I will now try Katie's, and turn my attention to Doctor Urmston. Women can sometimes see further than men, if they are guided by instinct instead of reason. I don't believe he's a fraud, but still I remember he seemed to know all about the Milchester jewels the first time I met him."

Within a few days the inspector had learnt all that was known about the doctor. Before going into practice at Sheldrake, he had been in London for two years, where he had not been very successful. Thither he had come from America, being, he stated, by birth a citizen of New York. That was all.

"The information is valueless," mused the inspector; "he has told us as much himself."

It goes without saying that the constant succession of undetected crimes in their midst excited in no small degree the wrath of the Sheldrakers.

Against the police they were absolutely furious, and Inspector McVeigh came in for the greatest share of vituperation.

Week by week the Sheldrake Gazette hurled its invectives at his head, and fulminated in no measured terms over his crass stupidity; and the poor man, who was, professionally speaking, endued with the thinnest of skins, writhed beneath its repeated onslaughts. He felt that he was hardly treated, though he did not wonder at the bitterness of his foes.

Could they, he asked himself, could they have done more in his place? It was just when he was almost on the verge of despair, and seriously thinking of resigning his post, that the thieves—for there were several of them—dropped like ripe plums into his eager hands.

By one of those chances which are apt to be called "flukes," though they are clearly designed by the hand of Providence, the whole gang fell into his clutches at one coup.

"Katie, my dear," said Laura Blake, chancing to meet the inspector's daughter, in High Street, one sunny afternoon, "Mrs. Pellingham is coming to have tea with Algy and me to-night. Will you come also? Algy is always so cheerful when you are with us."

Katie promised to go, and after a few commonplaces the girls parted.

Mrs. Reginald Pellingham was a big flaxen-haired doll of a Dresden china type of beauty. Her health, she declared, was wretched, but it would have been hard to say exactly what ailed her.

Perhaps, like Mrs. Wittiterly, her soul was too large for her body. Be that as it might, however, she was a very pleasant person with whom to spend an evening, and Katie McVeigh took to her at once.

It had been one of Algy's best days; he had, for the first time since he came to Sheldrake, been able to sit up, propped with soft pillows, for an hour or two. Laura was consequently in unusually gay spirits, and the quartette gathered around the tea-table was a very merry one.

"I declare," Mrs. Pellingham exclaimed, with a silvery laugh, "I have not felt so well for months as I do this evening. What a wonderful place this Sheldrake of yours is, Miss McVeigh. It is fast curing Al—Mr. Blake, and has worked wonders for poor me. I've a great mind to persuade Redge to take a house here."

"What! and leave the doctor alone again? Fie! Mrs. Pellingham," Laura responded. "No doubt he's had quite as much to do with your recovery as the Sheldrake air. It would be cruel to desert him."

"Yes, indeed it would, Mrs. Pellingham," chimed in Katie, anxious to back up Laura.

And thus they talked away—airy, inconsequent chatter, valueless as harmless.

Presently Mrs. Pellingham stretched out her hand, blazing with jewels, for another slice of bread and butter.

"What pretty rings you are wearing," said Katie. "May I look at them after tea? One is just like——"

Katie's sentence came to an abrupt close, for happening to look at her hostess for an endorsement of her admiring sentiments, she was struck with terror by the aspect of that young lady's face. It was of a sickly, ashen hue, and the eye-balls were distended as if in water.

"Laura! Laura! What is the matter?" she cried.

For answer, Laura Blake uttered a fearful cry, and springing suddenly up, overthrowing the tea-table in her course, with one hand pressed tightly over heart, she staggered a few paces across the room and sank on to the floor in a dead faint.

The scene that ensued was one of indescribable confusion; Algy Blake tried to rise and go to his sister's assistance, but, after several futile efforts, fell back on his couch with a low moan; Katie, the first shock of astonishment over, flew to her friend's side and raised her head; while Mrs. Pellingham, drenched with scalding tea from head to foot, lay under the table amid the debris of the meal, in a fit of violent hysterics.

Finding her attempts to restore animation to Laura to be vain, Katie rang the bell, but no servant coming in reply (as a matter of fact the Blakes' one domestic was stone deaf), she placed a cushion under her friend's head and set about rescuing Mrs. Pellingham from her unenviable position. And a nice plight that lady was in. Katie could barely keep back her laughter.

Laura Blake now heaved a faint sigh, and Mrs. Pellingham being by this time somewhat recovered, though still in a flabby condition, Katie despatched her for Doctor Urmston. She (Mrs. Pellingham) brisked up wonderfully on this; announced, in fact, that she felt quite well again, and ran off with what Katie thought surprising rapidity.

Meanwhile, Doctor Urmston and Reginald Pellingham were having a quiet confabulation over their after-dinner coffee and pipes—for the doctor invariably dined late.

"We've been uncommonly lucky, Redge, my boy," said the doctor cheerfully, "but I think we'd better dry up now and make a move. Upon my word, Algy and Laura are a clever couple. That weak back of Algy's has been a trump card."

"How did he blind these doctors at Sheldrake?" inquired Mr. Pellingham. "It would be difficult work, I expect."

"Not at all," laughed; "the easiest thing in the world. They are both about as ignorant of their own profession as it is possible for two men to be; and as they did not understand Algy's complaint—and I am not surprised at that," with a grim smile—"they imagined it to be some obscure and little-known disease with which they were unacquainted. They consequently looked very wise, and kept their thoughts to themselves."

"Wherein they showed their wisdom," rejoined Pellingham. "But, I say, doctor, it must have been awfully trying for Algy, that lying all day on his back."

"Of course, it was," assented the doctor, "but that was not half as bad as the drug-taking to give him the required appearance of ill-health. I tell you, Redge, that boy's taken enough poison to murder a townful of people. I don't believe his constitution will ever get over it. My heart's almost failed me sometimes when I've seen his poor haggard face. He's a resolute chap or he would never gone through with it."

The two men puffed away at their pipes in silence for some time; then the younger burst into a loud laugh.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it was a grand idea of Laura's to make a bosom friend of old McVeigh's daughter. You ought to be proud of your girl, doctor."

"So I am, Redge," agreed his companion; "but Algy's every bit as smart as she. You ought to be equally proud of your brother. They're a splendid pair."

Silence again reigned, and this time was broken by a long peal at the house bell.

"Bother it!" muttered Doctor Urmston. "I hope I have not to go out again this evening."

In a minute the room door was flung open and in rushed Mrs. Pellingham. The men jumped up and gazed at her in alarm.

"Never mind me; I'm all right," she gasped, "but go—go to Laura, doctor. She's dying of heart disease."

The words were accompanied with a lot of pantomimic gesture.

Doctor Urmston and his friend hastened away to Seaview Cottage, leaving Mrs. Pellingham to change her wet garments. Having done so, she drew all the rings off her fingers and looked them up.

"What a blundering fool I've been," she told herself. "Redge will be fit to murder me when he comes back, and I dread to meet the doctor."

And the thought of her husband's and her host's anger made Mrs. Pellingham quake with fear. Nor was she afraid without cause; Mr. Pellingham returned home in a towering passion.

"You incomparable idiot!" he cried wrathfully, striding to where she sat cowering in an easy chair. "What do you mean by playing the fool like this? I've a great mind to——" and he raised his clenched fist.

Oh! don't, Redge, don't hit me!" she pleaded, shrinking backward. "Forgive me, Redge; forgive me."

Reginald Pellingham was a bad man, but he was neither a coward nor a brute; he was, moreover, greatly attached to his wife. His arm fell to his side and he stared at her in moody silence.

"I believe you wish to ruin me, Ella," he said at last.

The woman fell at his feet, sobbing, and clasping his right hand, smothered it with kisses. "Don't say that, Redge; don't say that. It is cruel of you. Am I not daily selling my very soul at your bidding?"

He gently stroked her hair. She knew she was forgiven, and went on:

"Redge, my darling, why not be as we were before we met this wretched Doctor Urmston? We were happy enough then, if we were poor. What better are we for our ill gotten wealth? It goes as fast as it comes, and we never know a moment's peace."

"You talk like a foolish child, Ella."

"No, Redge," she answered, with great earnestness; "I speak what I know to be the truth."

We must now, however, return to Katie McVeigh. Having left Laura Blake safely in Doctor Urmston's hands, she went home in a state of no little perturbation. She was, in truth, greatly flustered.

"What! back already, Katie?" asked her father in much surprise. "Why, I did not look for your coming for another couple of hours."

Then Katie related what had taken place. Inspector McVeigh listened in silence until his daughter had done; then he took a long pull at his meerschaum.

"What made you wish to examine Mrs. Pellingham's rings?" he inquired. "Was there anything striking about them?"

"Nothing particular, father," replied the girl; "but one was just like a ring Lady Millchester used to wear, and I thought I should like to see it closer."

"Oh! that was all, was it?" commented the inspector, laying down his pipe and putting on his hat. "Well, I think I'll go for a stroll before turning. You need not sit up for me, Katie."

And not long after Katie McVeigh went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous.

The sun was shining brightly into her room on the following morning, when the inspector's daughter was awakened by hearing her father in the kitchen below, talking in loud and jubilant tones. She sprang out of bed, and, hastily dressing, ran downstairs.

The kitchen was full of police, in the midst of whom stood her father, with a face beaming with delight.

"Good morning, my lass," cried McVeigh. "Here, men, have another drink all round to my daughter's health. Katie, my dear, you shall have the handsomest silk dress that money can buy. Ah! you may well look amazed, child," he continued, noting her perplexed expression, "but I have good news for you. We have captured the thieves who have been troubling us so long, and have got back Lady Millchester's jewels."

"And all through you, Miss Katie," said one of them.

"Through me?" the girl ejaculated.

"Yes, through you," returned her father. "Are you not curious to learn who are the thieves?"

"They're no people that I know, are they, father?"

"You know them pretty well, I think," laughed the inspector. "Let me see," running his eyes over a piece of paper in his hand, "they're Miss Laura Blake and her invalid brother—and he's no more an invalid than I am—they're great pals of yours, aren't they?"

"You're joking, surely, father," said Katie, turning pale.

"Then," pursued the inspector, "there's Doctor Urmston and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Pellingham."

Yes; the thieves were trapped at last, thanks to the vanity of one of their number. Had Mrs. Pellingham forborne to wear Lady Millchester's ring until she had left Sheldrake behind her, they would in all probability have gone scot free. Laura Blake's ruse of upsetting the table to distract Katie's attention from the ring, and subsequent fainting fit, were very clever impromptus and thoroughly deceived the inspector's daughter; but Katie's father was not so easily blinded, and, on hearing his daughter's tale, promptly obtained search warrants.

Much amusement was caused at the trial of the prisoners—Mrs Pellingham turned Queen's evidence and divulged the whole plot—by Inspector McVeigh relating how assiduously Laura Blake waited on Algy while the search of the house was being carried on.

"Please don't make more noise than you can help," she had said. "My brother is very bad to-night. Yes, Algy darling, I am coming."

And she had tended him devotedly.

But when it was suggested that "Algy darling" should be moved, so that the bed and mattress on which he lay might undergo an examination, and she found that pleading, and prayers, and tears were without avail, she became a veritable wildcat and raved like a mad woman. And no wonder; securely packed in the centre of poor Algy's flock mattress were the Millchester jewels. Only a ring, the one Mrs. Pellingham had worn, was missing.

The doctor, who was proved beyond doubt to be a fully qualified medical man, was regarded by the judge as the ringleader of the gang, and, accordingly, ten years' penal servitude was meted out to him; Laura Blake got five; while Algy and Redge each received a sentence of eighteen months' hard labor. Mrs. Pellingham had, of course, a free pardon.

Old Lady Millchester was so overjoyed on again receiving her jewels that she took Ella Pellingham under her special protection, and has promised to give her a sum of money, when Reginald comes out of prison, to make them a fresh start where the story of their crime is unknown.

"But tell me," said the old lady, "tell me how you knew where I had secured my jewels."

"Why, Algy Blake was reconnoitring from the big sycamore tree just outside your window, and the moon shone fully upon you. Don't you remember that you hid them by moonlight?"

The inhabitants of Sheldrake presented Inspector McVeigh with a handsome testimonial, "for," said they, "he is to be excused for not suspecting a fashionable doctor and an apparently helpless cripple of being burglars in disguise."

Never, perhaps, was a plot of wholesale robbery better arranged; Laura Blake's praise of the doctor procured him an entrance into the best houses, and his practised eyes soon noted where the valuables were kept.

However, "all's well that ends well," and nobody was dissatisfied with the turn things had taken except the firm of Parsons and Rodgers. The principals of it grumbled exceedingly, for though they rejoiced mightily in the overthrow of their successful rival, they did not like to be called "doddering old idiots," an epithet which was applied to them pretty frequently; and many sarcastic references were made in their presence to Algy Blake's weak back.

For this they revenged themselves by declining to subscribe to the inspector's testimonial. And I think that they are so well liked in Sheldrake that a clever young doctor would find a good opening there. But, mind you, his character must be unimpeachable and bear the most searching investigation. The good folk of Sheldrake have had a lesson.

New Uses for Electric Cars.—The uses to which electric cars are being put in American cities are constantly on the increase. In New York, in Brooklyn, and in Washington the cars are now regularly used in the collecting and distributing of letters and packages.

Instead of letter-carriers walking round to the branch offices and the street letter-boxes and carrying the loaded bags to the post-offices, postal cars are kept on the go night and day.

With a car, set apart entirely for this postal work, three men travel. One attends to the motor; one collects the bags from the street boxes; and a third sorts the letters.

A great saving of time is affected; for when the car reaches the central office, all the letters are sorted and tied in bundles ready for the bags in which they are to be carried to their destination.

In Brooklyn and in Philadelphia cars are being largely used for social purposes. People living in the suburbs who are giving evening parties hire special cars, and give notice to their guests that the cars will leave at a stated time. All the guests meet at the car, and are conveyed to and from the home of their hosts at twice the speed they could travel in carriages or cabs.

These special cars are beautifully furnished. Their outer appearance is also different from that of the ordinary cars, so that when ordinary passengers see one of those cars approaching they understand that it is reserved for a private party.

The most daring use of electric street cars so far proposed is in the city of Cleveland. There they are to be used for carrying market produce and other heavy goods to and from the city.

A central station jointly owned by the street car companies is to be established; and to this place goods are to be carried, principally between midnight and five o'clock in the morning, when the lines are but little occupied with the passenger traffic.

The street car companies can render this service much more cheaply than the ordinary railways, as a large proportion of the goods carried can be placed with the persons to whom they are consigned with only one handling.

The Immensity of the Universe.—To form some idea of the largeness of the earth, one may look upon the landscape from the top of a ordinary church steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view 900 000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth.

Place 500 earths like ours side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside the sun, if hollow.

If a human eye were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world material 5400 square miles large, that eye would need 55 000 years to overlook the surface of the sun.

To reach the nearest fixed star one must travel 20 000 000 000 miles; and if the velocity were equal to that of a cannon ball, it would require 5,000,000 years to travel that distance.

Besides single stars, we know of no system of stars moving round one another. Still, we are a short way into space as yet. Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are no doubt still larger spaces.

The Milky Way holds at least 20,191,000 stars, and, as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least fifty planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,0.0 stars. A thousand million stars!

Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and more Milky Ways still further away. We know of some 5,000 nebulæ which represent Milky Ways like ours. Let us count 2 000 of them as being of the size of our Milky Way; then 2,000 by 20,191,000 equals 40 382 000 000 suns.

Chinese Private Life.—Here are some hints which may be useful to some of our cooks:

They have a large screen before the doorway which gives privacy sufficient for their need.

The window sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting.

They do not surround their domesticities with the same mystery and secret precautions with which we envelope these proceedings.

Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat on which it stretches itself. Why conceal it?

It also wants to eat, and it satisfies appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing.

Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose.

He has no idea of concealing his operations in some faraway region styled a kitchen.

He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything—a basin, dish, pan, or pot; there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant.

Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I noticed a man cooking his own and his neighbor's food together in a tub, an earthenware saucer containing the charcoal.

Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity of patience unsurpassed by any under the sun.

At Home and Abroad.

The Yale lock manufacturers have proven that in a patent lock having six "steps," each capable of being reduced in height twenty times, the number of changes or combinations will be 86 400. Further, that as the drill pin and the pipes of the keys may be made of three different sizes, the total number of changes will be 2 592,000. In keys of the smallest size the total number of changes through which they can be run is 648 000, while in those of large size the number can be increased to not less than 7,775,000 different changes.

Posters and announcements are now printed in luminous inks, on the same principal as luminous paints, that can easily be read in the dark. Zinc salts produce a greenish line which lasts two or three hours. Calcium throws a yellowish light, and, when containing a small quantity of bismuth and treated in a glowing heat, will also give a violet light, and, if exposed to sunlight for a short time, will retain it for thirty-six hours. The duration of the reflecting power renders the latter the best substance. According to the color desired, however, will be the material used.

An experiment was recently made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men two were dressed in light gray uniform, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared. Experiments in firing at blue and red targets, according to the same authority, proved that the blue could be more easily seen at a distance than red.

So wholesome is the practice of reading aloud that medical authorities agree in pronouncing it a healthy and invigorating exercise for the mind and the body. The late Sir Henry Holland says in his "Medical Notes" that persons who have a tendency to pulmonary disease should methodically practice "those actions of the body through which the chest is in part filled or emptied of air." He advises that those whose chests are weak should read aloud at stated intervals, and even recite or sing, using due caution as to posture, articulation and the avoidance of excess. "These regular exercises of the voice," he adds, "may be rendered as salutary to the organs of respiration as they are agreeable in their influence on the ordinary voice."

A Sicilian priest has just got the better of a brigand. Canonico Antonio Campagno, who is a rich land owner at Funsi, was taking a walk in the main street of the town one Sunday evening when five men seized him, took him to a village in the mountains and demanded $8000 as ransom. They kept the canon in a hay loft and treated him well, providing him with a bed and plenty of food and wine. He agreed to write a letter to his family, asking them to pay the money to his captors. When he had written it he went out to hand it to the man guarding him. Looking down he saw only one man, and the one asleep with a gun by his side. He picked up the gun, shot the bandit through the head, and succeeded in escaping. The owner of the hay loft was arrested, but the bandits had not waited for the police.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Our Young Folks.

THE ENCHANTED GIANT

BY G. L. B.

SEVERAL thousand years ago a wicked magician gained possession of a certain country, and at once began to do it all the harm in his power.

First, he blotted it out of the map of the world, so that no one has ever been able to discover it since; and then he laid its inhabitants under a simple, but effectual, enchantment—for he contrived that each child should grow to be exactly one foot higher than the taller of its parents.

For the first few hundred years this had rather a good effect than otherwise. Parents looked up to their children, as we are now taught, is natural, and children looked down on their parents.

But long before a thousand years had passed, the men were obliged to leave off the use of tall hats even on Sundays, because they knocked them against the telegraph wires.

At the end of another thousand years all the people ceased to use looking glasses, because the largest which could be made, would only reflect their legs.

Two thousand years after this there was a famine in the land, for their appetites had grown so enormous that these giants had eaten up everything that was to be had even the mice, the blackbeetles, and the rhubarb, which would seem to be impossible, if it were not so true.

It was at this distressing crisis that the eldest son of the king, the gigantic Prince Rule, while he was crunching the last root of horse-radish in the royal garden, determined to seek abroad for food.

So, taking the trunk of a pine tree for a stick, he strode away. In three strides he crossed a continent; two more brought him into a dark and gloomy forest among the mountains, where, in front of a hut, a mendacious mite of a tailor was mending a suit of clothes.

"Hollo, Mannikin!" said the giant: "that's a funny little suit"

"Hollo, Monster!" said the tailor. "It's for you, if you like, when you have grown little enough to use it."

At this idea the giant laughed till his sides ached, and the ground shook as if with an earthquake.

"When will that be?" he asked, as soon as he was able to speak for laughter.

"When you have broken the power of the enchantment," replied the tailor; and he told him how the country had been bewitched thousands of years ago.

The giant listened attentively, and then, thinking that it would be a fine thing to make himself and all the people of his land as small as their forefathers had been, he inquired in what way he must set about the business.

"You must kill the magician," said the tailor. "It will be a difficult thing to do; but I will help you, if you promise me one thing"

"I will give you half of my father's kingdom," said the prince, who, of course, did what he liked with the property of his parents.

The tailor shook his head.

"I want more than that," he said. "Promise me that I shall be the only tailor in the country for five years after the giants have become men."

The prince was pleased to hear so simple a request, and the bargain was struck.

"Now," said the tailor, "carry me on your shoulder. Do exactly what I tell you; fear no danger, and, above all things, whatever happens, don't drop me."

This last piece of advice was certainly necessary, for when the tailor was perched on the shoulder of the giant he was more than three hundred feet above the ground.

When they had gone a few thousand miles, they heard a loud shout, and saw an ogre and his wife marching down a mountain towards them; for they had come, without knowing it, into the country of the ogres, who were hired by the magician to eat all the travelers who might try to enter his land.

This was the largest and most horrible of all the horrible creatures, for he was even taller than Prince Rule.

He carried a club on his shoulder, and he had two eyes—one in the right-hand corner of his forehead and one at the left-hand corner of his mouth.

His wife was more hideous still, for she had front teeth which jutted out three feet, and which were as sharp as they were long and yellow. She bore a spit in her hand.

Directly the giant saw this ugly couple, he brandished his pine trunk. The ogres on their side brandished their club and spit, and a fight began which lasted five hours.

The tailor was so frightened that he crept into the giant's ear, and listened, all in a tremble, to the blows which fell around him.

At last, when all the trees for forty miles about had been knocked down, the ogre brought his club right upon the giant's staff, and broke it in two.

In a moment the ogress ran her spit through his body, and then she and her husband began to chuckle, and say that they would cook him alive.

"Don't mention me," whispered the tailor. "Perhaps they won't find me in here."

The ogre took up one end of the spit and the ogress the other, and marched merrily away, swinging the poor giant as they went. If he had been a man, he would have been dead by this time; but, as it was, the vital parts of his body were so far from each other that he could have been run through in several places without feeling it.

The ogres carried him up the mountain to their cave, in front of which they piled a heap of logs. Then they put the spit in the proper position for roasting their captive, and went away to get a light.

The tailor, who had been peeping out of the giant's ear, seized this opportunity to slip down the spit and disappear among the trees.

He had hardly escaped when the ogres returned, and lit the fire, which, as it was made of pine logs, burned and crackled in a moment.

"Tishoo! tishoo!" sneezed the giant, as the smoke curled up into his eyes, his nose, and his mouth

This was the most fortunate thing he could have done, for, although he did not know it, to sneeze twice when you are being roasted alive is a powerful charm. A little fiery man, made of red flames, in a peaked red cap, jumped up at once in the smoke, and asked what he wanted.

"To get out of this," groaned the giant. "My skin is already turning into crackling"

In truth, there was a delicious smell of roasting, and, in a minute, the giant must have died, but the fiery little man gave a puff, and the flames darted away down the spit, and burnt it up. The giant dropped on the ground, scorched, and singed, and sooty, but not much hurt.

The ogres were sitting with their backs to him, shredding onions for his stuffing, and so he easily seized them by their necks, and flung them on the fire, where they screamed, and bellowed terribly, as he walked away.

"Serves them right!" said the tailor, coming out of the bush in which he had been hiding.

"A fine friend you are!" said the giant, as he put him on his shoulder again. "You only cared to save yourself."

"On the contrary," said the tailor, "I was just coming to your rescue."

They went on until they reached the kingdom of the magician, where a magpie was chattering so loudly on the bough of a tree that they stopped to listen.

"If anybody wants to kill the magician," croaked the bird, "he must go in at the back door of the palace, and find the golden key which opens the cupboard in which he keeps his life. Then his life will fly away, and he will die."

"Just what I was going to tell you," said the tailor. "Let's go on."

They went on until they came to the palace, but it had eight sides, each of which had a door.

"Now, which is the back door?" asked the giant.

The tailor coughed, and pretended not to hear; the giant asked again, and the cough became worse. At this moment a donkey looked over the gate of a paddock and brayed.

"Hee-haw! Back door! Hee-haw! See-saw!"

The giant looked, and in front of one of the doors was a see-saw.

"That must be it!" he exclaimed.

"Just what I was going to say," said the tailor, "when the wretched cough stopped me."

They entered the door behind the see saw, and went on until they reached a chamber hung with golden tapestry, in which sat a beautiful princess weeping bitterly.

The giant was just about to lose his heart to her, when he remembered that first he must find the key. So he asked her if she knew where the golden key was, that opened the cupboard in which the magician kept his life.

"There is a golden key," she said, "on the table in front of him, where he sits waiting till I promise to marry him. How can I promise to marry a magician who is hundreds of thousands of years older than I am?"

"You can't," said the giant gravely; "but if you will get me the key, I will open the cupboard, and then his life will fly away. Perhaps," he thought, "it will be the key of her heart, too."

"Poppies! poppies!" cried a live cuckoo, flying with a great fuss in and out of a golden clock.

"Yes," said the princess; "we must send him to sleep by putting poppies in his wine."

"Just what I was going to advise," said the tailor, "when that bird began to make such a din."

The princess fetched a tankard of wine, put in some poppies, and took it to the magician, who fell asleep as soon as he had drank it.

Then she led the giant and the tailor on tip-toe into the room where he sat, with his huge grey beard, the growth of age upon age, spreading over the table and the ground about him.

The giant picked up the golden key, and fitted it into the lock of a cupboard, which he discovered cunningly hidden among the carved wood of the walls.

He turned it and opened the door, when an ugly black bat flew out, and vanished through the window. As it disappeared, the magician's head sank down on the table, and he died.

In a moment the room was full of the creatures who had been enchanted by him. The donkey became a man of science, the cuckoo a member of Parliament, and the magpie, who kept his black and white dress, a bishop.

"And it is fortunate," said the giant, who was now a handsome young prince, "that we have a bishop on the spot, because my beloved princess, he can marry us at once, if you are willing."

The princess looked so dazzlingly beautiful, with smiles on her face in place of tears, that even she seemed to have been changed. She was delighted to marry the prince.

"Only I am just the same," said the tailor, for once speaking the truth. "Nothing can ever change me."

So saying, he jumped on the box of the carriage which came to drive the newly married couple to the prince's kingdom, and no one could induce him to get down, for he reminded the prince of his promise he had given that he would make him Court tailor for five years.

"But that," said the prince, "was only if you helped me to get rid of the magician."

"Yes," replied the tailor; "but where would you have been without me, I should like to know? Think how all my advice came true."

"Even before it was given," said the prince, with a smile; but he and the princess were so happy that they let the little man have his own way.

So he set up a shop opposite their palace, and, as the giants who had suddenly become men, needed clothes at once, he made so many suits, and charged so much for them, that he made such a fortune as no tailor before him or since has ever made, or ever will make, however long they may try.

For all that I know, he may be still alive, and if he—is, I am sure he is boasting how he delivered the land from the magician.

But anyhow, it is certain that the prince and the princess lived happily ever afterwards, and told their adventures to their children's children.

ARE YOU NEAR-SIGHTED?—Persons living in cities begin to wear glasses earlier than country people do, from the want of opportunities of looking at things at a distance.

Those who wish to put off the evil day of spectacles should accustom themselves to long views. The eye is always relieved, and sees better, if, after reading a while, we direct the sight to some far-distant object, even for a minute.

Great travelers and hunters are seldom near-sighted. Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness, when a common eye sees nothing at all. One is reported to have such acute sight that he could tell when he was going to see an object. On one occasion, when the ship was in a sinking condition, and all were exceedingly anxious for a sight of land, he reported from the look-out that he could not exactly see the shore, but could pretty nearly do so.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A leech has three jaws, which form a triangle.

The only fresh water fish in the Canary Islands is the eel.

The choir of the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City is 300 strong.

Rubies are the most precious gems; only one in 100 is free from flaws.

One pound weight of cork will support in the water a man weighing 140 lbs.

The coldest place in the United States is the interior of Alaska, 80 degrees below zero.

The French make paper umbrellas, rendered wholly waterproof by gelatined bichromate of potassium

According to a lady who has lived in Jerusalem for forty years, the Jewish population of that city is increasing.

It is stated that the oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

It would take 1,300,000 earths to make a globe the size of the sun. The density of the sun is only about one-fourth that of the earth.

Sometimes in the course of a year as many as 400 bodies are taken out of the Nile, from which the Egyptians have their water supply.

Samuel Johnson, of Dutchess county, New York, has rounded his hundredth year safely to meet death in a trolley car accident.

The largest Christian place of worship in the world is the church of St. Peter, in Rome, which has capacity for a congregation of 54,000 persons.

A spray of pure oil of turpentine, mixed with one per cent. of lavender oil, is said to have an astonishing effect in purifying the air of living rooms, the actions being attributed to the ozone formed.

The Church of England will celebrate next year the 1300th anniversary of the baptism of the first English King by St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

It has been estimated that the motive power furnished by the steam-engines of the world represents the strength of 1,000 millions of men—that is to say, twice as many as there are workmen.

Concerning the question whether squirrels are torpid in winter, a traveler states that in the backwoods of North America he has seen squirrels frisking among the trees in the coldest weather.

A paper chimney, fifty feet high, has lately been put up at Breslau. Compressed paper pulp is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances, and to make an excellent material for fireproof doors.

A company is being formed to breed black cats upon an island. Cats imported from the Netherlands will be used in breeding, and the animals will be fed upon fish. A large profit is expected from the skins.

There is a church in the village of Vallon sur-Gier which has been but two rectors in 111 years. The first was Abbe Ponson, who was in charge from 1785 to 1842. The second was Abbe Paris, who still conducts services.

In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The funeral of a workingman in Japan costs 62 cents, unless the family wishes to have it especially fine, when it will cost as much as $1 25. The price of a coffin is 20 cents, and the rate for cremation is from 40 to 75 cents. Refreshments figure up from 11 to 25 cents.

The money of Chile at present is peculiar. It consists of small tags of pasteboard, on which a man writes the value for which he is willing to redeem it, putting his name on the back. It then begins to circulate, until it finally gets back to the source from which it emanated.

Gold in transit across the Atlantic "sweats" however tightly it may be packed. It is usually sent in stout kegs and squeezed in as tightly as possible, but there is a regular allowance for loss by attrition upon the voyage, and in the course of years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum

When among the Chinese settlers on the tobacco plantations on the island of Sumatra, the correct way of saluting "John" is to shake, not his hand, but your own; and the sight of two men shaking their own hand with the utmost warmth and cordiality, instead of that of their neighbor, is very amusing.

The Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on his back or anywhere else, the hot climate having rendered it superfluous. Nor does "the little boy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of money, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

FALSE EYES.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now better taught by Thee, O, Lord,
This truth dawns on my mind—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

OF ANCIENT NOVELTIES.

Professor Lombroso, the famous Italian writer on mental diseases, says: It is curious to examine the inventions which we deem novelties, but which are in reality very old. The ancients knew of the lightning conductor, or at all events, the method of attracting the lightning.

The Celtic soldiers in a storm used to lie down on the ground, first lighting a torch and planting their naked swords in the ground by their side with the points upward. The lightning often struck the point of the sword and passed away into the soil without injuring the warrior.

The Romans, also, seem to have known the lightning-rod, though they let their knowledge slip again into oblivion. On the top of the highest tower of the Castle of Duino, on the Adriatic, there was set, from time immemorial, a long rod of iron. In the stormy weather of summer it served to predict the approach of the tempest. A soldier was always stationed by it when the sea showed any threatening of a storm. From time to time he put the point of his long javelin close to the rod. Whenever a spark passed between the two pieces of iron he rang a bell to warn the fishermen.

Gerbert (Hugh Capet), in the tenth century, invented a plan for diverting lightning from the fields by planting in it long sticks tipped with very sharp lance heads.

In 1662 France was already in possession of omnibuses. The Romans sank artesian wells even in the Sahara. The plains of the Lebanon and of Palmyra were artificially irrigated; traces of the wells and canals are still to be found. In 1685 Papin published in the Journal des Savants an account of an experiment made by one of his friends, named Wilde, who caused flowers to grow instantaneously. The secret lay in the preparation of the ground, but it was not revealed.

Massage is a very ancient practice, and was known to the Romans. Paracelsus, in his "Opera Medica," speaks of homœopathy, and says that like is cured by like, and not contrary by contrary. "Nature herself," he says, "shows this, and like things seek and desire each other."

Polybius also speaks of healing by similarity, and Avicenna of the use of infinitesimal does of poison, of arsenic, for example, in all things which are necessary for the making and strengthening of flesh and blood and for the prevention of harm. Mireppus also used arsenic in infinitesimal doses as a remedy for intermittent fever. In China Cannabis Indica, or Indian Hemp, was used as a sedative 220 years before our era. The Arabs used aloes and camphor as we do.

The speculum, the probe, the forceps, were known in the year 500; indeed, specimens of them have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and are preserved in the National Museum at Naples. Galande, in 1665, gives a theory of psychic centers, pointing out the anterior portion of the brain as the seat of imagination, the center of reason, and the back of memory. Aristotle noticed that sea-water could be made drinkable by boiling it and collecting the steam.

The Greeks had a pilema, a wooden or linen cuirass, so closely woven as to be impenetrable by the sharpest of darts. We have not found the secret of it.

The Romans had better mills than ours for pounding olives. The Chinese had invented iron houses as early as 1200. Glass houses were found among the Picts in Scotland and the Celts in Gaul, and many centuries earlier in Siam. The systems of irrigation which made Lombardy and England so fertile were in existence in the time of Virgil. Grass cloth was used many centuries ago by the Chinese.

All this is explained by the fact that man naturally detests what is new, and tries his best to escape it, yielding only to absolute necessity and overpowering proof, or to an acquired usage.

A CLIMAX.—She turned her sloe-like upward to him. She was a pale, interesting young girl—the kind that tall, robust men like on account of the clinging vine and sturdy oak business. She had met him once or twice at dances, but knew nothing further about him.

"Have you an ambition in life?" she asked.

"No," he answered, moodily. It was not an encouraging beginning, but she had him all alone; she had even said she didn't like to dance in order to get him into that corner. Undoubtedly he was fairly well off.

"It is because you do not feel the responsibilities of life," she continued, wisely. "You need something to stir you out of the humdrum of life. You need someone to make you break yourself away from your habits and all that sort of thing. Don't you think you do?"

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose I do."

"Domestic happiness is all there is in this world worth living for. I have heard over so many people say so. Now, it is just the same with me as it is with you. I was nineteen my last birthday, and I have no responsibilities in life. Papa won't let me worry about a thing. I should be ever so much happier if I could share the trials of some noble man."

"Indeed?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Don't you agree with me?"

He did not answer. She was a trifle discouraged.

"Wouldn't you like to get married?" she asked him, timidly.

"I am married," he said, with a slight undertone of surprise in his voice, and immediately thereafter a smile crept about his lips as he began to realize the humor of the situation.

And leap year saw another failure.

SYMPATHY AND TRUTH.—If a man cannot be really loyal to truth without sympathy, neither can he be truly kind and generous without truthfulness. For, if he weakly yields to every one, right or wrong, and is what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," he is not really helping or strengthening or elevating any one; he is only indulging his own ease by giving some one a cheap, unwholesome, and transitory pleasure. The courage of truthfulness is one of the most important elements in all social intercourse, and one of the firmest foundations of all worthy friendship.

Grains of Gold.

It takes a life to know character and to acquire experience.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

I hate laughter without joyousness; love-making without passion; society without confidence, and sanctimoniousness without piety.

Laziness grows on people; it begins with cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he will be able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

The hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore, it is as well to know what there is at our own back, before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

Femininities.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

"Mrs. Dash, is that a genuine Italian count who is visiting you?" "Yes; he always has to have a Roman candle to go to bed by."

It was not Mrs. Partington, but another old lady of the same mental build, who said, the other evening, that she wished the calcium days of her youth would return.

"Oh," said a girl of fourteen who had not seen a grown up cousin for a year, during which time she herself had become many inches taller, "how small you've grown!"

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Mr. Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits and couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."

"I demand to be recognized," yelled the memberess from the Umpty-eighth District. "Impossible," said the speakeress, looking freezingly through her lorgnette. "The lady is not in our set."

A Buffalo paper lately gave a pathetic description of the suicide of a woman, in which it is told that "she ended her virtuous life in the cool retreat afforded by a convenient and umbrageous well."

As a couple were about to be married in New York, recently, a large pane of glass fell from a skylight on the bride's head and knocked her senseless. When she recovered she had her head bound in bandages and then the ceremony proceeded.

Smith: What's the matter, old boy? You look blue.

Brown: I've just lost my mother-in-law.

Smith: I didn't know you had one.

Brown: Nor have I. I thought I was going to, though, but Clara thinks otherwise.

"John," she said, "there's nothing I enjoy more than reading the last words of great men. I wonder what your last words will be?" "Maria," he replied, "the last word is something that I never expect to have." And this was the first time on record that he got it.

Lewiston, Me., has a woman who is not afraid of a mouse. Her cat took such liberties with the neighbors' chicken coops that she was forced to lock it in the woodshed. The mistress is a business woman, and, finding a mouse in her office, she captured it and took it carefully home to the cat.

"Isn't this train ever going on?" cried a red-haired female passenger, as she thrust her head out of a car window and glared at the crowd. "Better haul your head in, ma'am," replied a bystander, "if you want the train to go on, for it won't move so long as the danger signal's out." Luckily for that bystander, the train did at once move on.

Fashionable mother, languidly: Well, Sarah, how is baby to day?

Nurse: He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am.

Fashionable mother, still more languidly: That was careless of you, Sarah! You oughtn't to let a young baby play with a knife.

They were talking about the comparative readiness of the sexes to oblige one another, when Jones employed this illustration: "A man walking along in the street finds a cigar in his pocket, but no match. He meets another man with a lighted cigar, stops him, asks for a light, gets it, and goes on. Now, do you suppose one woman would do that for another?" We should hope not, indeed—and in the public streets, too!

Mother: Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam?

Tommy: Yes, ma.

Mother: I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry.

Tommy: You don't need the key, ma; I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside.

Mother: That's just what I wanted to know; now just wait until your father comes home!

"A female patient presented herself at the Hotel Dieu of Lyons, for a rebellious hiccough which had resisted all treatment, for four days," says the Medical Times. "She was asked to show her tongue, and it was noticed that with the putting out of the tongue the hiccough ceased. The same thing has been since tried and with success in other cases. All that is necessary, apparently, is to strongly push the tongue out of the mouth and hold it so for a minute or two. It is also suggested now to try the same thing in suffocating coughs, as whooping cough and choking by irrespirable gases."

She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg! She confiscated the walking stick of a passer by, and broke it into three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. When all was completed, she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon.

"I did," she blushingly replied.

"Well, it is most beautifully—most beautifully done; but you have made, I find, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

Masculinities.

When a man has tried everything, and found it will not answer, let him go where there is an echo, and try that.

Barney Morris, 104 years old, is employed to pick scraps of paper from the grass in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. He probably holds the record as the oldest laborer.

An equivocal compliment was that of the Irish youth who dropped on his knees before a new sweetheart, and said: "Darlin', I love ye so well as if I'd known ye for seven years—and a great deal betther."

Lawrence Peak, a white man, has been sold at auction for vagrancy, at Elizabethtown, Ky. John Cecil bought him for $12 75, and is entitled to Peak's services for six months.

"Did I understand you to call me a puppy, sir?" "Yes, sir, I called you a puppy." "Lucky for you, sir! The insult is too small to no for; but had you called me a dog, sir—and old dog—I would have knocked you down."

Mustaches in women are getting more common than of old. In Constantinople about 10 per cent. of the women—Armenians chiefly, since Moslems are veiled, and therefore do not come into the calculations—have these appendages to the upper lips.

One of the Beecher girls used to say she had three rules to guide her in copying her father's manuscripts. If a letter was dotted it was not an i; if a letter was crossed, it wasn't a t; and if a word began with a capital letter, it didn't begin a sentence.

She, anxiously: Have you asked papa? Reginald?

He: Yes.

She, nervously: What did he say?

He: He didn't say anything; but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a pitying sort of way, don't you know.

"Is married life preferable to single life?" was argued at a recent meeting of a debating society. Only one man appeared for the negative, and he came down to business next day with his arm in a sling, a green patch over his eye, and a general appearance of having slept out all night in the cellar area.

The German Crown Prince looks very serious when he wears his uniform, and it is pathetic to see the earnest expression with his very childish appearance. He is a very delicate-looking boy, not nearly so robust and full of fun as his second brother, Prince Eitel-Fritz; but he is thoughtful, and already shows that he has great brain power.

A posthumous scrap of Artemus Ward's writings is a letter to a menagerie agent who sent him some tickets. "Thanks for the tickets. This act of kindness, so nobly conceived and delicately consummated, assures me that all is not base and sordid in this world, and that the human heart, when connected with a menagerie, is capable of lofty impulses."

A young lady, hesitating for a word, in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said:

"He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but——"

"Dogmatic," suggested her friend.

"No; he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

Statues of the Catholic Saints of America are to adorn the walls of the new seminary at Dunwoodie, Yonkers. The collection has been begun with the statues of St. Roso of Lima, St. Turibius, Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Indian virgin. Father Jogues was the first Catholic missionary to the American Indians, who met the death of a martyr near Auriesville, N. Y., on October 2, 1646.

Dr. P. Penta, an Italian criminologist, has discovered a new feature of criminal anthropology, which goes to confirm still farther the views of Professor Lombroso. According to modern medicine, Dr. Penta has studied the fingers and toes of four thousand five hundred criminals, and finds a deficiency in the number, as well as prehensile toes, marked by a wide space between the great toe and the second toe; also a webbed condition of the toes, an approximation to the toeless foot of some savages. He found the little toe rudimentary in many cases, showing a tendency toward the four-toed animal foot. The most common of all the abnormalities was the webbed condition of the toes. The criminal is truly a degenerate type.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler.

"Well, yes, you can, if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam. You are the lady of the house, then?"

"Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm-hands, or the cat, or the ice cheat?"

"I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house. "What d'yer want, sir?"

Then the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left that door-step half an hour later his face was full of pleasure and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale.

Latest Fashion Phases.

For hats and bonnets, tulle, both black and white, is very much used in the Paris shops, and often mixed together, and added to this as many flowers as can be crowded on the shape.

Chine silks are much the rage, and very pretty they are. Worth has made up some lovely ones for evening dresses, some cream ground, some pale maize ground. These were principally for full dress evening wear. One beautiful chine on a white ground had chiffon falling loosely over like an over shirt; a wide mauve ribbon was carried down each side of the skirt the entire length, and on this ribbon was laid most lovely ecru guipure. Another chine was made with a reseda satin tablier, bordered with guipure on each side.

Marabout mouchet fans have quite plain mother of pearl sticks, and large aigrettes of ostrich tips on one side of the mount. Some have the sticks of mother of pearl pierced, and a flower design gilded and silvered meandering over them, but the plain ones with long diamond initials are most chaste.

Surahines and rainbow percalines are brought out among several novel bodice and skirt linings to be used as substitutes for inferior silks that wear so poorly and cut and fray so quickly.

An excellent way to lengthen and renovate a skirt which is worn about the bottom is to stitch Hercules braid at the edge: it is a neat and pretty finish.

Among the very latest frivolities of ribbon-loving womanhood is noticed the revival of the sash. A hint from Paris gave the idea, a few American modistes quickly appropriated it, and of a sudden sashes are taking the lead in the procession of fads.

Roman sashes are in the highest favor, a fact which the owners of certain precious heirlooms will be greatly gratified to hear. The wider the silks and the gayer the stripes and the heavier the material the more fashionable such an heirloom is. A sash combining delicate shades of mauve, pink and blue and set off with plain stripes of black and white will harmonize with almost any of the light summer organdies and batistes, while the plainness of a white or ecru gown is invariably relieved by such an addition. On the other hand, there are sashes of deeper and richer tones, with striking combinations of black, blue, green and gold that form charming accessories to the darker silks and muslins that are included in the summer wardrobe.

Another variety of the present season takes the form of gauze sashes, a very happy innovation.

The sash itself is of black gauze, bright-colored flowers being embroidered upon it at frequent intervals, in an approximately regular pattern. Or the gauze may be white, if the sash is designed for wear with a lighter gown. The sash is bordered with fringe.

Ribbons that are plaided, striped or flowered are used for sashes, and the numberless styles of ribbon make, of course, a wide variety possible. When ribbon eight, ten or twelve inches in width is used for making a sash, there is usually a bow on the shoulder of the gown of the same material. This is a new fancy and a very pretty one, the shoulder knot of the stiff taffeta giving a very stylish touch even to a simple gown.

For the happy owner of a sash, the first question is, of course, in regard to tying it. All ignorant ones should know then that the bow, when the sash is of soft silk, should be tied directly in the back. The loop ends of the bow knot should be but three or four inches in length, leaving the ends to extend nearly to the bottom of the gown. For a sash tied in this fashion, three yards is a good length, though some of the newest sashes are only two and a half in length. However, as the old-fashioned sashes are four or five yards long, and the length must be disposed of in some fashion, the old time bow knot, with loops and ends nearly equal in length, is still frequently seen. If the beauty of the sash justifies this departure from accepted styles the wearer is not likely to be criticised.

When moderately narrow ribbon is used, it is a pretty fashion to tie the bow at one side of the front in a wide milliner's knot, with several loops and two ends. This is becoming, however, only on slim figures.

At present the sash is the most conspicuous feature of fashionable dress. It is well that it is being made the most of while it is here, for it is too charming and comfortable a fashion to endure long.

A pretty frock is made of a blue and white gingham, with a full umbrella skirt finished with a deep hem. The full blouse bodice is mounted on a shallow yoke of white embroidery, and is adorned in the centre of the front, from the neck to the waist, with a detachable box-plait of white linen, which is buttoned to the blouse with large fancy buttons. The collar is of white linen, the belt of white kid. The sleeves are cut in the leg-of mutton shape and finished without trimming.

A serviceable little seaside suit for a small boy, is of white flannel. The blouse has a box plait in the front, extending from the neck to the waist, while at either side are small tucks three inches long. The deep, turned down collar is of flannel, and the tie is of red taffeta. The sleeves have the fullness laid in small tucks at the waist, forming little cuffs. The short, loose knickerbockers leave the knees bare, and black half-hose and tan shoes clothe the legs and feet. The hat, of sprecklied red and white straw, is trimmed with red ribbon, matching the tie and sash.

A little frock of white alpaca, has the skirt slightly full all round the waist. The blouse bodice is buttoned to a plaited plastron of white silk, and is embellished with a large collar and small revers of white silk covered with lace. The full gigot sleeve is finished at the hand with a straight cuff of the lace.

A pale blue linen frock for a child 5 years old is made with a low and very short-waisted bodice, the low neck being outlined by a shaped frill of the linen, which forms a kind of bertha. The straight, full skirt is mounted with gathers on the bodice, and is finished with a deep hem. A fine white muslin guimpe is worn with this dress, and is trimmed with embroidery insertion and small tucks of the muslin, while the bishop sleeve is enriched, from the shoulder to the wrist, by a band of embroidery, and finished at the hand with a muslin cuff, edged with a frill of embroidery.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The best furniture polish is made of one third alcohol and two thirds sweet oil. Apply with a soft cloth and rub with another cloth.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peel may be utilised for cleaning brass. Dip it in common salt and scour with powdered brick dust.

Plaster of paris figures and busts are apt to become soiled and discolored. The best way to clean them is to make a strong solution of saleratus in water, stand the figures in it and throw the water over them. Places badly soiled may be rubbed with a soft cloth. Rinse in clean saleratus water and let them dry without wiping.

During renovating, if an old wall paper is to be removed, before going to close the doors and windows tightly, place an old boiler or tub in the room, and fill it with boiling water. The steam will moisten the paper, and the work may be done quicker and more easily.

If cayenne pepper is strewn in the kitchen storeroom it will keep ants and cockroaches away. A cloth wet with cayenne in solution and stuffed into a mouse hole will prevent the intrusion of these troublesome visitors.

If a piece of camphor gum is placed in the drawer where are kept dress waists that are trimmed with steel it will prevent the steel from tarnishing.

In filling cracks in plaster mix plaster of paris, with vinegar instead of water. It will be like a mass of putty. Push it into the cracks and smooth off with an old case knife. The plaster will not become hard for half an hour if mixed with vinegar, but if water is used it will become hard immediately, almost before you have time to use it.

Hard Gingerbread.—One pint of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt; boil together; add one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to knead. Knead ten minutes, or until smooth and shiny. Cut in rounds or squares, and bake quickly.

Apple Compote—Pare half a dozen good apples, scoop out the middle without breaking the fruit. Place in a pie-dish with a quarter of a pint of water, half-pound of sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon. Cover the dish and cook in a hot oven until the fruit is quite tender. When done, pour over the syrup with a dessertspoonful of rum added to it, and serve with Devonshire cream.

Mutton Pies.—Two pounds of shoulder of mutton. Cut all the meat in small pieces and fill small dishes; season to taste. Put the bones on to boil with a small onion, and enough water to make plenty of gravy; steam and keep it ready. Take one pound of flour, two ounces of dripping, one teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt; mix; make into paste with water or milk; roll out thinly; cover the dishes neatly; make a hole in the middle; bake about three quarters of an hour; pour the gravy in at the top, and serve hot. The raised mutton pies have the paste made of boiled paste; that is one pound of flour, two ounces of dripping, and one teacup of water. Boil water and dripping, pour in among the flour, and knead well. This is formed into shells, which require art to be able to make them, then filled with mutton and seasoning.

Fried Bananas.—Select six very firm, sound, red bananas, carefully peel them, cut each one into halves lengthwise, place them on a dish, one beside another; sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of flour over, gently and carefully roll them in the flour without disturbing their shapes. Have two gills of sweet olive oil in a sautoire on the hot range, and when very hot, with the medium of a flat spoon, transfer the half bananas gently into the very hot oil, and fry them for five minutes on one side; then turn them over and fry for five minutes on the other side. Gently lift them up with a skimmer, one by one; carefully dress them on a hot dish with a folded napkin, and send to the table.

Meat Pie.—Cook the required amount of beef cut in good pieces for serving, until tender, with a clove and onion and a little pepper. When done take the meat out and place in a small baking dish. Thicken the gravy, season to taste, and pour over the meat. Put on a crust, leave a hole in the middle for the steam to escape and bake until the crust is done.

Boiled Cauliflower.—Cook in boiling salted water 25 minutes, having tied the cauliflower up in white netting. Drain, untie; lay in a deep dish, the blossom upward, and deluge with white sauce made of drawn butter, with the juice of a lemon squeezed in.

Stewed Tomatoes.—Empty can tomatoes into a saucepan, place over fire, and when hot add small onion sliced, with pepper and salt. Stew 20 minutes, and add a good handful bread crumbs. Simmer five or ten minutes, and pour out.

Chestnuts as a Garnish.—Shell one pound of chestnuts, scald until the skins will slip off, peel them and boil in water, with one teaspoonful of sugar, until tender. Then drain and dip them in boiling syrup; roll in dry sugar if for a sweet garnish, or toss them in a pan of hot butter until colored, if for a meat garnish.

Ink, Indelible.—To four drachms of lunar caustic, in four ounces of water, add sixty drops of nut-gulls, made strong by being pulverised and steeped in soft water. The mordant, which is to be applied to the cloth before writing, is composed of one ounce of pearlash, dissolved in four ounces of water, with a little gum arabic dissolved in it. Wet the spot with this; dry and iron the cloth; then write. 2. Nitrate of silver, five scruples; gum arabic, two drachms; sap green, one scruple; distilled water one ounce. Mix together. Before writing on the articles to be marked, apply a little of the following: carbonate of soda, half an ounce; distilled water, four ounces; let this last, which is the mordant, get dry; then with a quill, write what you require.

Chicken Cream Sandwiches.—Mix a cupful of white chicken meat and celery, chopped very fine, with a cup of milk. Add a boiled onion mashed, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. It must be quite thick. When cooked and boiling stir carefully into it the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff; salt to taste. Place it in a bain marie; do not allow to boil. Stir in the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of butter. Mould the day before; cut into slices and place between thin slices of buttered bread.

Ink Powder for Immediate Use.—Reduce to powder ten ounces of gall nuts, three ounces of green copperas, two ounces each of powdered alum and gum arabic. Put a little of this mixture into white wine, and it will be fit for immediate use.

Dried Prunes and Apricots.—Wash and soak in cold water for twenty-four hours an equal quantity of dried prunes and apricots. Place them in a china lined saucepan, stand it on the stove and heat it to the boiling point. Let the fruit simmer for three or four hours, adding a little sugar half an hour before it is taken up. It will be almost jellied, and, when served with custard, cream, or milk, makes a delicious sweet.

BURMESE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—"The Burmese regard marriage as so much a woman's greatest right—they entirely believe it to be her highest and best career—that the girl who announces her readiness for marriage is neither ashamed nor shamed," writes Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, in "When We were Strolling Players in the East."

"Let us look at her for a moment as she sits quietly within her father's doorway. Her lamp is lit; the suitors are coming. Yes—she is vastly pretty. Her long black hair is quaintly, carefully, but not grotesquely dressed; it is softly perfumed, and fresh dewy flowers rest amid its silken coils.

"Every feature is pretty; but prettiest are her dainty ears and her small hands and feet. In her ears gleam twin pearls and rubies, and her little hands are heavy with the same gems.

"She is smoking a big Burmese cigar, the mildest of weeds. To-night is her first night 'at home to suitors.' A dozen or more will probably come.

"She will give them pickled tea, and they will chat and sing and play upon their tinkling instruments. Night after night they come, until one smiles on one more than on his fellows.

"Then their ranks thin, the favored remains, the others go; the betrothal is accomplished; the mothers of the young couple confer, the bridegroom presents his bride with a dowry, the marriage is celebrated by a feast, the bride and the bridegroom sit side by side and eat from one dish.

"No marriage ceremony could be simpler—none could be more significant. On the marriage night the friends who have partaken of the marriage-feast pelt the house with stones. This musicless serenade is kept up for an incredible time; but the silence and the dark come at last, and the young husband and wife drift quietly into the happiness of peaceful Burmese married life.

R R R

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Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Constipation
And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Pleasant to Have.

BY N. Y. T.

"ONE thousand pounds!" said I, in soliloquy. "Well, it isn't much; but it is pleasant to have such a sum, too."

And so it was—very pleasant indeed to a man who had not a sixpence before but what he contrived to fish out of an ink-bottle. It was a legacy which a distant relative had left me out of the huge fortune he died possessed of.

"What shall I do with it?" I continued. "Invested in the funds it will produce about thirty pounds a year. I don't think that will do. Lent on mortgage I may get four and a half per cent., perhaps—forty-five pounds a year not paid very regularly. That won't do. Sunk in an annuity I might get sixty pounds a year—a paltry income and a selfish way of getting it, for though I'm a bachelor who knows but——?

"What a pretty girl that Jenny Somers is! I don't think I ever saw more expressive eyes in my life. And she's so clever, too, and so good tempered—but what the deuce has all this to do with the question of investment! Let me see. Suppose I lend it upon personal security! What a capital trade that must be! What a pity it isn't respectable! I've paid sixty per cent. more than once myself. Fancy sixty per cent. on a thousand pounds—six hundred a year. If Jenny Somers would only but hang it! it won't do. A bill-discounter—bah!"

Here I fell into a brown study, or in other words I thought of everything in a loose rambling way, mixing up Jenny Somers' eyes with my legacy, and confusing the two together in the most absurd style without producing the least practical effect—without settling the important question, "What shall I do with my money?"

"Are you at home, sir?" said the fat girl who was servant-of-all-work in the house where I had the unhappiness to lodge; and as the fat girl said it, she tried to look mysterious or "knowing."

"What do you mean? Don't you see that I am at home?" I exclaimed in surprise.

The girl grinned.

"Sometimes you ain't, when I do see you," she replied.

I felt excessively indignant because the girl spoke the truth. But she was referring to a period antecedent to my legacy—a period which I had, of course, forgotten, and expected everyone else to do the same.

"I must leave this vulgar hole," said I, as the fat girl closed the door with a saucy bang. "They fancy everyone must be in difficulties who lives like a gentleman."

The door opened again, and my friend Jerringham Stagg entered the room.

"Ah, Poples, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Stagg, addressing me, and throwing himself on the sofa, after hitting me a friendly tap on the shoulder, which might have dislocated my arm. "Why, man, you look as melancholy as a clown off duty; anyone would think it was your wedding-day, or that someone had left you a legacy."

"You've just hit it," said I, half unconsciously.

"Hit it! hit what! You don't mean to say that you are going to be married—you don't mean to tell me that that cunning flirting little Jenny——"

"Sir!" I cried in fury; but checking myself, I said, "Pon my word, Stagg, I don't like to hear you speak of a nice girl like that. But I'm not going to be married though I have come in for a little legacy."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Stagg. "My dear fellow, I congratulate you," and he smacked my hand so hard that the windows rattled with the shock, and he squeezed it till the bones crackled like castanets.

"It isn't much—it's only a trifle!" said I. "A thousand pounds—that's all."

"You call that a trifle, do you?" asked Stagg. "Why, it's a fortune. Properly invested you are an independent man for life; with your neat little bachelor's box, your cab and tiger, your Opera stall and so forth."

"Are you mad, Stagg?" I asked. "Do you know that five thousand dollars in the funds would only produce me $150 a year; or, if lent on mortgage, about $225 a year?"

Jerringham Stagg, Esq., looked very steadily at me for about half a minute, and then rolling back at full length on the sofa he indulged in a roar of laughter that suggested self-strangulation. I felt very silly, though I didn't exactly know how or why.

"Funds—mortgage—three per cent.—$150 a year"—cried Stagg, with a fresh fit of laughter between each sentence. "Upon my word, Poples, it's too good, you'll kill me outright."

"What do you mean?" said I, feeling uncomfortable, for it was clear that I had said something very absurd in the eyes of Stagg, and every one knew Stagg to be a clever fellow in money matters.

In fact Stagg was a puzzle to me, for I never could find out that he had any property, nor did he seem to have any particular occupation, and yet Stagg was never in debt to any amount of consequence, while he decidedly lived better and dressed better than myself.

"My dear Poples," said Stagg, sitting upright and recovering his gravity, "you must pardon my rudeness; but, upon my word the naive manner in which you talked about investing a thousand pounds on mortgage, or in the funds, amused me greatly. Of course you were joking. Of course you know that no one is guilty of such absurdities in these days."

"Then what do they do?" I asked.

"A thousand things," replied Stagg. "There are railways, but they are slow investments just now. There are new insurance offices; there are joint stock companies for doing everything; especially there are mines."

"Ah, I see! speculation you mean," said I.

"If you like to name it so," replied Stagg; "but I do not call a thing speculation when it's as safe as the Bank of England."

"But I've heard of many people losing money in mines," I suggested.

"Muffs!" said Stagg; "but, mind, I don't recommend any of the Mining Companies now in existence. There are objections to all of them."

"Then I don't see—" I began.

"I'll tell you," said Stagg, interrupting me, "the proper thing for you to do is, to get up a new mining company yourself."

"I! With a thousand pounds," I exclaimed.

"Plenty of money, my dear fellow," replied Stagg quietly, "plenty. Suppose, for instance, you determine to get up 'The North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company. Capital $2,500,000, in ten thousand shares, $250 each, $25 deposit.' Well, what money do you want for that purpose! A few hundred to fit up an office, and pay the expenses of registration, etc.—that's all."

"And then?" I asked, rathered staggered by the grandeur of the supposed scheme.

"Then you advertise the thing—that's a preliminary expense, too—applications for shares pour in by hundreds, the Act of Parliament is got—the deed is signed, the deposits—ten thousand timed $25, $250,000—are paid up, and there you are!"

"Where?" I asked, getting bewildered.

"Where! Why chairman of a company with a paid-up capital of $250,000, and no end of shares standing in your own name."

"But do you really mean we could get mines to work, and would it answer, and would people really invest in such a thing?" I asked.

"You could get more mines than you wanted. The country's full of unworked mines. As for people investing in such things, why they are doing it every day."

"And do they answer?"

"Humph! well that depends upon the management. At all events they would answer to you; for if you don't like the thing when it's started, sell your shares at a high premium (you're sure of that chance), and back out with your one thousand turned into twenty."

I am afraid I did not look at the affair as coolly as I ought. There was something so fascinating in the largeness of Stagg's views, in the idea of the commanding position I should take, in the easy business-like way in which it was stated to me, that I lost my head, and listened to the tempter.

"But how could I do this? I don't know how to set about it," said I. "Well," replied Stagg with a smile, "if you think me a good man of business—"

"The best I know," said I.

"Then," continued Stagg, "I don't mind doing the work myself. Of course I must be secretary at the usual salary."

"Of course," I replied.

"That is $2500 a year paid weekly," said Stagg, with a strong emphasis on the last word. "In the meantime you must first get out of this hole; you had better get rooms in the Albany, or somewhere in St. James', and if you could pick up a little place in the country it would be as well, for two addresses look 'nobby.' And then you had better go to Anderson or Bartley, and get a decent cab-horse; and Barker will turn you out as well-hung a cab as any one, and then—yes, I think you'll do then."

I was a little bit frightened; but I offered no resistance or remonstrance. Mind and body I was Stagg's from that moment, till—never mind just at present.

Three months had passed.

Few men had a better set of rooms, or more handsomely furnished, than I. My little place at Fulham was perfect; so was my cab, so was my toilet, so were my dinners

I regret to add that most of these items were yet unpaid for, because, "of course," as Stagg remarked, "we wanted all the ready money we could command to pay the preliminary expenses" of our grand undertaking.

And the "North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company," was really launched. We had crack officers in Moorgate street, resplendent with Turkey carpets, huge tables, massive chairs, and French-polished mahogany fittings in the way of desks and so on.

We had also a very showy list of directors. First there was Augustus Plantagenet Poples, Esq., of the Albany, Piccadilly, and of the Elms, Fulham, chairman.

Then we had two baronets who were described as being "of" places which were their family seats in the days of their grandfathers, but not since. There was a captain, though "of" what I don't know, and yet I believe I knew as much of the matter as himself.

These three were picked up by Stagg, who assured me they were "first-rate fellows for directors;" and when I afterwards found in what the qualifications of directors (according to his idea) consist, I entirely agreed with him in his estimate of those gentlemen. We had further one or two London speculators—men who, in consideration of a certain number of shares gratis, will put down their names to any directory in the world, and who are considered highly respectable because their "addresses" are better than their characters.

In addition to these we had a few really good men in the shape of country gentlemen of fortune and estate, and who were probably never in bad company in their lives, except upon paper in our list of directors. We secured these gentry thus:

Jerningham Stagg, Esq., fished out from a Law List the names of one or two country solicitors in the counties where we intended to carry on our mining operations. To these solicitors he communicated the fact of the existence of our great company; the desire of our company to work mines in their counties, and our readiness to receive proposals for leases of such property. He also hinted that if favorable terms were proposed by the land-owners, the company might be induced to constitute one or two of such gentlemen directors of the company. The bait took, and we had plenty of mines and directors offered to us.

Our shares rose to a premium. The deposits being paid, my preliminary expenses" were disbursed, and I had a thousand shares in my own name. Decidedly I had cause to bless Jerningham Stagg, Esq., for had I not commenced a few months ago with a paltry $1000, and was I not worth six or eight times the amount?

Jenny Somers thought it quite strange I so seldom went to see them now, but really I was so greatly occupied with my numerous engagements—not business ones, for Stagg managed all that—that I could not be eternally at Brixton. And, besides, Brixton is not the most enticing place for a fellow who has the showiest cab in London to drive to.

And Jenny herself was pretty enough, certainly, and agreeable, too, and her eyes were undoubtedly very good; but after all, what was Jenny to me more than five hundred other pretty girls? and I believe I knew about five hundred now, and their papas' cards, and mammas' notes of invitation, daily crowded my table in heaps large enough for bon-fires.

Jenny was afraid that fashion was spoiling me, but really Jenny knew nothing about it; and what should Brixton know about May Fair, and Belgravia, and St. James'?

Stagg and I were good friends, but, perhaps a little less familiar than formerly. It would hardly have been correct for the "Chairman" to have been so with the "Secretary." Still he used to come to my rooms every day, and bring me the checks to sign; and really it was a great bore to have to sign so many. It's quite astonishing how many payments have to be made by a great company.

Once or twice I ventured to ask what the money was wanted for, whereupon Stagg demanded whether I would give him my attention for a couple of hours, and he would explain. As this was out of the question, I declined any explanation at all, and knowing what a capital man of business Stagg was, I took his word for everything.

Sometimes I attended meetings of the board but not often. The Captain was always there—and by the way, his name was invariably on the checks I signed, for they required the signatures of three Directors. Sometimes one of the Baronets' names was there and sometimes the other's. Once or twice I saw the signature of one of the London speculators. The country gentlemen were, of course, too far from the field of action; but occasionally they attended a meeting of the board when they were perfectly delighted with the flourishing state of our affairs as set forth in the glowing eloquence of our worthy Secretary. I suggested that Stagg ought to have an increased salary; but Stagg declined it. I offered him shares and he refused them. No, "he was a man of business," he said, "and he was quite content; and he would stick to his duties—duties that he owed to all parties."

One day at two o'clock in the afternoon I was waiting to drive down to the club. My cab was at the door and I was dressed with my usual care. Only one thing detained me—I had promised Stagg that I would not leave home till he called, as he wanted me to sign something or other. He was to be with me at half past one, and it was now two. Very strange for so punctual a man to fail in his engagement.

Half-past two went by. My cab had made the circuit of the rather confined space of the Albany court-yard about fifty times. Three o'clock and came no Stagg.

"I'll wait no longer," I exclaimed, as I seized my hat and prepared to start.

"Is Mr. Poples at home?" asked an excited voice at this moment. An affirmative answer was given and in rushed a gentleman whom I recognised as one of the London speculators.

"Mr. Sharp!" said I, rather surprised to see him.

"Gracious, where's Stagg?" was the reply.

"How should I know, my dear sir? I have been expecting him this hour and a-half and he has not come. But what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's all true—all true!" he cried; and I thought he was mad.

"What do you mean? What about Stagg?" I asked.

"Bolted!" he exclaimed; "bolted, the fellow's a thief, a swindler, a—"

"Pray be calm," said I, though in a great fright myself now.

"What checks did you sign yesterday?" he asked hurriedly.

"I recollect one of them was for a $1000, and that's all I do recollect," said I.

"Whose name was on it?"

"The captain's."

"Of course—he's gone too. I tell you (if you don't know it, and as you're a young man perhaps you are only a dupe)," said he, while I felt inclined to strangle him. "I tell you that Stagg and the Captain and that moustachied Baronet have bolted with every shilling belonging to the company."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Bah—anything's possible to great men or great scoundrels, and I tell you it's done. Moreover the news is all over London already."

"What can I do!" I asked, feeling sick and sinking into a seat.

"Beg pardon—Mr. Poples, I b'lieve," said a man with a hook nose, and a dirty piece of paper in his hand, entering the room. "Warrant to arrest you sir."

"What! Do you think I'm a thief?" I screamed in a fury.

"Bless yer soul, no," said the man; "you're only suspected of owing Mr. Marquetrie, the upholsterer, three thousand two hundred and eight pounds, four and nine, and you're suspected of a little wish to make a trip over the water to the new Emperor, and so I'm requested to perwent you—that's all."

* * * * * *

And "The North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company" is a burst bubble. And Stagg and the Captain and the Baronet are off to Australia—would they were in Norfolk Island! And the London speculators are in the Gazette; but they are not unused to that. And the country gentlemen are mortgaging every acre to meet their liabilities as directors, and it is doubtful whether after all they will not have to join me here.

Here! and where am I? In her Majesty's "Bench" across the water, whence nothing but "whitewash" can remove me; for alas my debts and liabilities thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-four pounds, besides the odd shillings and pence! and all because I did not know "what to do with my money!"

And Jenny Somers is going to be married!

Humorous.

ON KISSING.

And if it were not lawful,
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
And if it were not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if it were not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it.

—U. N. Nose.

An old flame—The tallow candle.

Thereby hangs a tail—A caudal lecture.

Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

How to acquire short hand—Fool round a cutting machine.

Why was Eve like Sunday?—She was the first of the week.

Best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies—Take notes.

A man who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a rasher.

Treading on a tack ought to tone a man up. At any rate it puts iron into his system.

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son."

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

It is curious that when a dog chases his tail, his tail, which is certainly behind, should always keep a little ahead.

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural."

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

Judge: You are accused of carrying a razor!

Prisoner: Hut, yo' honah, it war' er safety razyah.

Rollingstone Nomoss: I'm a-lookin' fer summer board.

Tatterdon Torn: Hev you tried de lumber yards?

A professor of penmanship announces that if young men wish to learn how to flourish, they had better come to him. Anybody who inspects his handwriting will see that his business is flourishing.

Restaurant proprietor, to chef: I'm afraid you have put a little too much veal in this chicken salad, Napoleon.

Chef: It's all veal, sir. Shall I put in a little chicken?

Restaurant proprietor: No, certainly not. Put in some feathers, and if any guest says 'veal' to me, I'll ask him if he ever saw a calf with wings.

"It's a solemn thing, young man," said the broken-hearted father, "to come into the home of an old man and take away his only daughter, the light of his household, and the prop and solace of his declining years. But you have my blessing, and I wish you every joy, and——"

"But I won't take her away, sir," interrupted the young man, inexpressibly affected. "We'll both stay right here."

One of the most practical as well as one of the shortest temperance lectures was recently delivered in a commercial hotel. A traveler, entering the public room, found another gentleman imbibing a milky liquid from a large tumbler.

"Rum and milk?" he inquired.

"No rum here," was the reply.

"Is not that leaving out Hamlet?"

"No; it is only leaving out the grave-digger."

A gentleman was assisting at a bazar last winter by reciting now and again during the evening. He had recited once or twice, and the people were sitting about chatting, when he heard one of the committees go up to the chairman and whisper:

"Hadn't Mr. —— better give us another recitation now?"

"No, not yet, let them enjoy themselves a bit longer."

"I have noticed," said a pert young lawyer, "that members of the legal profession are almost always brave men. It is seldom that one shows cowardice. I wonder why this is so?"

"Well," responded an elderly lady, "I've read somewhere that 'conscience makes cowards of us all.' And as lawyers mostly have no conscience, why of course they haven't anything to make them cowards."

Old gentleman: When the children of to-day get to be old folk, I don't see how they are going to get light enough to read by.

Friend: What's to hinder them?

Old Gentleman: When I was a boy, we used candles, and they gave light enough for young eyes like mine; then, as I grew older, we changed to lamps, and later to gas; and now we have the electric light, and I'm all right yet. I can read by that as well as I used to with candles. But what's to become of the children who begin with the electric light—that's what I'd like to know!

POVERTY IN ENGLAND.

The Marquis Paulucci di Calboli, formerly a Secretary of the Italian Embassy in London, has prepared a notable article, which appears in the Revue des Revues.

The diplomatist has already written about the Russian and the Italian poor, and his articles show an extensive acquaintance with human misery in large towns and a good insight into the causes.

England has won the admiration of the Marquis by her glory and her greatness, her strength, her wealth, her influence, and her power; but he presents another picture when he adds the following sentence:

"Of all the civilized countries, England is that which nowadays offers the most striking contrast between extreme opulence and degrading destitution, parallel with the other contrast of two races, one dominating, the other dominated; one superior, the other inferior; with traits and moral and physical characters totally different.

"Above are the strength, the glory, the worth, and the opulence of England; below, the weakness, disgrace, vice, and misery."

After having quoted from the books of the salvationists to show the enormous extent of pauperism in the United Kingdom, the Marquis examines the causes of poverty and mendacity.

He does not attribute them to the great inconveniences originated by the employment of machinery and the division of labor, both of which have produced, on the other hand, great advantages, but firstly to the entry of a woman as a productive worker in the economic domain.

Women and children are excluding men from factories and workshops, taking away their bread through the reduction of salaries, and sending them around the country as tramps and vagabonds.

"There is, however, even a dangerous competition between British female workers themselves, on account of the number of unmarried women who, having a little money of their own, are willing to accept small wages.

"Next follows the onslaught on the lack of maternal feeling in English women. This drives many children, according to the Marquis di Calboli, to emigration or vagabondage, and the absence of motherly care swells the army of juvenile criminals.

"Thirdly, there is the vexed question of offspring. In most other countries, notably France, writes the Marquis, there is among the lower class a last limit of misery beyond which people cease to marry and propagate species.

"English habits in this respect are different. The people in the United Kingdom have no anxiety about consequences, and follow the Biblical precept.

Yet another cause for mendicity and pauperism, in the view of the same authority, are the great landed proprietors, who drive the agricultural laborer from the country, where he has no hope of the three acres and a cow, to the crowded city.

The Marquis has also something to say about the absence of thrift among the English, as compared with the people of Continental nations.

The writer's remarks are not, of course, altogether original, for he has borrowed from many sources; but he has marshalled some striking statistics, and his picture of poverty in England is the most realistic and terrible which has been presented to French readers for some time.

FERTILIZED BY WORMS.—A traveler who has recently visited West Africa north of the Gulf of Guinea gives some interesting facts which explain the apparently inexhaustible fertility of the soil.

He says that were one to visit that region during the early part of the rainy season, he would see nothing to account for the fertility of the soil. In the dry season the mystery is at once solved, and in the simplest and most unexpected manner.

The whole surface of the ground among the grass is seen to be covered by serried ranks of cylindrical worm casts. These worms vary in height from a quarter of an inch to three inches, and exist in astonishing numbers. It is in many places impossible to press a finger upon the ground without touching one.

For scores of square miles they crowd the land, closely packed, upright, and burned by the sun into rigid rolls of hardened clay.

There they stand until the rains break them down into a fine powder, rich in plant food, and lending itself to the hoe of the farmer.

Having carefully removed the worm casts of one season from two separate square feet of land at a considerable distance from one another and chosen at random, I found, he says, the result to weigh not less than ten and three-quarter pounds in a thoroughly dry state. This gives a mean of over five pounds per square foot.

Accepting this as the amount of earth brought to the surface every year by these worms, we get somewhat startling results. I may say, speaking from the result of numerous experiences, that five pounds is a very moderate yearly estimate of the work done by these busy laborers on each square foot of soil.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 29, '95.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.
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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper, daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.10, 6.10, 7.20, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.50, 7.50, 10.00, 10.35, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 9.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.55, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 1.30, 5.02, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.19, 4.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.34, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m. Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 2 00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.30 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.34 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1366 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 2362 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

WASHINGTON PARK

on the Delaware.

No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75 000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2.45, 7.45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND

With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

Exhibition of the Vitascope

Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

Children with parents free.

:-:LINCOLN PARK:-:

Chicago Marine Band

(T. P. BROOKE, Cond'r

Concerts Daily 2 and 7.15 p. m.

A Whole Show Given in THE VITASCOPE. ALLYN and LINGARD, Character Artistes.

THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.

PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK

Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

No Advance in Fare. Round Trip 25c.

CHILDREN FREE.

Boats leave Race and Christian Sts. Wharves every hour. Sunday, every 45 minutes.